

ENGLISH LITERATURE FOR  
SECONDARY SCHOOLS



KINGSLEY'S  
ANDROMEDA  
WITH THE STORY OF  
PERSEUS PREFIXED  
EDITED BY G. YELD

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# Kingsley's Andromeda

## With the Story of Perseus Prefixed

*Edited for Schools by*

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London

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## INTRODUCTION

BY THE GENERAL EDITOR

IN this book you are to read, first, one of the most delightful stories ever written for children. It is an ancient story. Two thousand years ago and more, mothers used to tell it to their children ; and when their babes were restless they sang to them the song which Danae was supposed to have sung to her infant Perseus as they tossed in their frail boat on the wild waves. Fifty years ago (1856) a great English writer took the story from the Greek and Roman poets and wrote it in simple and beautiful English for his own children and for all English children to read. It has been a favourite children's book ever since ; and as long as there are children in the world who can understand the English speech we may be sure that this story will be read and loved.

As for the story in verse that follows, you must not be discouraged or discontented if you do not like that so well at first. It is written in lines of poetry that are different from most of the poetry that you have read. The lines are longer, and there are no rhymes. But if you read them over and over, and especially if you try to understand the metre with the help of the note at the end of the book, you will soon begin to find that they have a delightful music in them, and that some of them will go on running in your head, as a favourite tune does long after you have

ceased to hear it with your outward ears. When this happens you will have some reason to feel pleased, and even a little proud ; for you will have begun to understand the music that the ancient Greeks and Romans looked for and found in the great poets—the noble music that in all ages has made Homer and Virgil dear to those who can read them in the Greek and Latin tongues.

There are many other things that this poem will do for you if you will let it sink into your mind. It will help you to understand and enjoy some of the most beautiful pictures that have ever been painted, for artists have always loved to paint the Greek myths, as these old fairy-tales are called ; and when you grow older you will see many of those pictures, either the great originals, or copies of them. Again, the poem will strengthen in you the love of nature —of sea and pasture and woodland, and all the beautiful world that God has made. And, lastly, it will help you to know what are the things in life that you should most love and admire. Could any fairy godmother give you a better gift than this ?

J. H. FOWLER.

# PERSEUS

## PART I

### HOW PERSEUS AND HIS MOTHER CAME TO SERIPHOS

ONCE upon a time there were two princes who were twins. Their names were Acrisius and Prætus, and they lived in the pleasant Vale of Argos, far away in Hellas. They had fruitful meadows and vineyards, sheep and oxen, great herds of horses feeding down in Lerna Fen, and all that men could need to make them blest: and yet they were wretched, because they were jealous of each other. From the moment they were born they began to quarrel; and when they grew up each tried to take away the other's share of the kingdom, and keep all for himself. So first Acrisius drove out Prætus; and he went across the seas, and brought home a foreign princess for his wife, and foreign warriors to help him, who were called Cyclopes; and drove out Acrisius in his turn; and then they fought a long while up and down the land, till the quarrel was settled,

and Acrisius took Argos and one half the land, and Prætus took Tiryns and the other half. And Prætus and his Cyclopes built around Tiryns great walls of unhewn stone, which are standing to this day.

But there came a prophet to that hard-hearted Acrisius and prophesied against him, and said, “Because you have risen up against your own blood, your own blood shall rise up against you ;  
10 because you have sinned against your kindred, by your kindred you shall be punished. Your daughter Danae shall bear a son, and by that son’s hands you shall die. So the Gods have ordained, and it will surely come to pass.”

And at that Acrisius was very much afraid ; but he did not mend his ways. He had been cruel to his own family, and, instead of repenting and being kind to them, he went on to be more cruel than ever ; for he shut up his fair daughter  
20 Danae in a cavern underground, lined with brass, that no one might come near her. So he fancied himself more cunning than the Gods : but you will see presently whether he was able to escape them.

Now it came to pass that in time Danae bore a son ; so beautiful a babe that any but King Acrisius would have had pity on it. But he had no pity ; for he took Danae and her babe down to the seashore, and put them into a great chest  
30 and thrust them out to sea, for the winds and the waves to carry them whithersoever they would.

The north-west wind blew freshly out of the blue mountains, and down the pleasant vale of Argos, and away and out to sea. And away and out to sea before it floated the mother and her babe, while all who watched them wept, save that cruel father, King Acrisius.

So they floated on and on, and the chest danced up and down upon the billows, and the baby slept upon its mother's breast : but the poor mother could not sleep, but watched and wept, <sup>10</sup> and she sang to her baby as they floated ; and the song which she sang you shall learn yourselves some day.

And now they are past the last blue headland, and in the open sea ; and there is nothing round them but the waves, and the sky, and the wind. But the waves are gentle, and the sky is clear, and the breeze is tender and low ; for these are the days when Halcyone and Ceyx build their nests, and no storms ever ruffle the pleasant summer <sup>20</sup> sea.

And who were Halcyone and Ceyx ! You shall hear while the chest floats on. Halcyone was a fairy maiden, the daughter of the beach and of the wind. And she loved a sailor-boy, and married him ; and none on earth were so happy as they. But at last Ceyx was wrecked ; and before he could swim to the shore the billows swallowed him up. And Halcyone saw him drowning, and leapt into the sea to him ; but in <sup>30</sup> vain. Then the Immortals took pity on them

both, and changed them into two fair sea-birds; and now they build a floating nest every year, and sail up and down happily for ever upon the pleasant seas of Greece.

So a night passed, and a day, and a long day it was for Danae; and another night and day beside, till Danae was faint with hunger and weeping, and yet no land appeared. And all the while the babe slept quietly; and at last poor 10Danae drooped her head and fell asleep likewise with her cheek against the babe's.

After a while she was awakened suddenly; for the chest was jarring and grinding, and the air was full of sound. She looked up, and over her head were mighty cliffs, all red in the setting sun, and around her rocks and breakers, and flying flakes of foam. She clasped her hands together, and shrieked aloud for help. And when she cried, help met her: for now there came over the 20rocks a tall and stately man, and looked down wondering upon poor Danae tossing about in the chest among the waves.

He wore a rough cloak of frieze, and on his head a broad hat to shade his face; in his hand he carried a trident for spearing fish, and over his shoulder was a casting-net; but Danae could see that he was no common man by his stature, and his walk, and his flowing golden hair and beard: and by the two servants who came behind him, 30carrying baskets for his fish. But she had hardly time to look at him, before he had laid aside his

trident and leapt down the rocks, and thrown his casting-net so surely over Danae and the chest, that he drew it, and her, and the baby, safe upon a ledge of rock.

Then the fisherman took Danae by the hand, and lifted her out of the chest, and said—

“ O beautiful damsel, what strange chance has brought you to this island in so frail a ship? Who are you, and whence? Surely you are some king’s daughter; and this boy has somewhat more <sup>10</sup> than mortal.”

And as he spoke he pointed to the babe: for its face shone like the morning star.

But Danae only held down her head, and sobbed out—

“ Tell me to what land I have come, unhappy that I am; and among what men I have fallen!”

And he said, “ This isle is called Seriphos, and I am a Hellen, and dwell in it. I am the <sup>20</sup> brother of Polydectes the king: and men call me Dictys the netter, because I catch the fish of the shore.”

Then Danae fell down at his feet, and embraced his knees, and cried—

“ Oh, sir, have pity upon a stranger, whom a cruel doom has driven to your land: and let me live in your house as a servant: but treat me honourably, for I was once a king’s daughter, and this my boy (as you have truly said) is of no <sup>30</sup> common race. I will not be a charge to you, or

eat the bread of idleness ; for I am more skilful in weaving and embroidery than all the maidens of my land."

And she was going on ; but Dictys stopped her, and raised her up, and said—

" My daughter, I am old, and my hairs are growing gray ; while I have no children to make my home cheerful. Come with me then, and you shall be a daughter to me and to my wife, and <sup>10</sup> this babe shall be our grandchild. For I fear the Gods, and show hospitality to all strangers ; knowing that good deeds, like evil ones, always return to those who do them."

So Danae was comforted, and went home with Dictys the good fisherman, and was a daughter to him and to his wife, till fifteen years were past.

## PART II

### HOW PERSEUS VOWED A RASH VOW

FIFTEEN years were past and gone, and the babe was now grown to be a tall lad and a sailor, and went many voyages after merchandise to the <sup>20</sup> islands round. His mother called him Perseus ; but all the people in Seriphos said that he was not the son of mortal man, and called him the son of Zeus, the king of the Immortals. For though he was but fifteen, he was taller by a head than any

man in the island : and he was the most skilful of all in running and wrestling and boxing, and in throwing the quoit and the javelin, and in rowing with the oar, and in playing on the harp, and in all which befits a man. And he was brave and truthful, gentle and courteous, for good old Dictys had trained him well ; and well it was for Perseus that he had done so. For now Danae and her son fell into great danger, and Perseus had need of all his wit to defend his mother and <sup>10</sup> himself.

I said that Dictys' brother was Polydectes, king of the island. He was not a righteous man, like Dictys ; but greedy, and cunning, and cruel. And when he saw fair Danae, he wanted to marry her. But she would not ; for she did not love him, and cared for no one but her boy, and her boy's father, whom she never hoped to see again. At last Polydectes became furious ; and while Perseus was away at sea he took poor <sup>20</sup> Danae away from Dictys, saying, "If you will not be my wife, you shall be my slave." So Danae was made a slave, and had to fetch water from the well, and grind in the mill, and perhaps was beaten, and wore a heavy chain, because she would not marry that cruel king. But Perseus was far away over the seas in the isle of Samos, little thinking how his mother was languishing in grief.

Now one day at Samos, while the ship was <sup>30</sup> lading, Perseus wandered into a pleasant wood

to get out of the sun, and sat down on the turf and fell asleep. And as he slept a strange dream came to him—the strangest dream which he had ever had in his life.

There came a lady to him through the wood, taller than he, or any mortal man ; but beautiful exceedingly, with great gray eyes, clear and piercing, but strangely soft and mild. On her head was a helmet, and in her hand a spear.  
10 And over her shoulder, above her long blue robes, hung a goat-skin, which bore up a mighty shield of brass, polished like a mirror. She stood and looked at him with her clear gray eyes ; and Perseus saw that her eyelids never moved, nor her eyeballs, but looked straight through and through him, and into his very heart, as if she could see all the secrets of his soul, and knew all that he had ever thought or longed for since the day that he was born. And  
20 Perseus dropped his eyes, trembling and blushing, as the wonderful lady spoke.

“ Perseus you must do an errand for me.”

“ Who are you lady ? And how do you know my name ? ”

“ I am Pallas Athéné ; and I know the thoughts of all men’s hearts, and discern their manhood or their baseness. And from the souls of clay I turn away, and they are blest, but not by me. They fatten at ease, like sheep in the  
30 pasture, and eat what they did not sow, like oxen in the stall. They grow and spread, like

the gourd along the ground ; but, like the gourd, they give no shade to the traveller, and when they are ripe death gathers them, and they go down unloved into hell, and their name vanishes out of the land.

“ But to the souls of fire I give more fire, and to those who are manful I give a might more than man’s. These are the heroes, the sons of the Immortals, who are blest, but not like the souls of clay. For I drive them forth <sup>10</sup> by strange paths, Perseus, that they may fight the Titans and the monsters, the enemies of Gods and men. Through doubt and need, danger and battle, I drive them ; and some of them are slain in the flower of youth, no man knows when or where ; and some of them win noble names, and a fair and green old age ; but what will be their latter end I know not, and none, save Zeus, the father of Gods and men. Tell me now, Perseus, which of these <sup>20</sup> two sorts of men seem to you more blest ? ”

Then Perseus answered boldly : “ Better to die in the flower of youth, on the chance of winning a noble name, than to live at ease like the sheep, and die unloved and unrenowned.”

Then that strange lady laughed, and held up her brazen shield, and cried : “ See here, Perseus ; dare you face such a monster as this, and slay it, that I may place its head upon this shield ? ”

And in the mirror of the shield there appeared <sup>30</sup> a face, and as Perseus looked on it his blood

ran cold. It was the face of a beautiful woman; but her cheeks were pale as death, and her brows were knit with everlasting pain, and her lips were thin and bitter like a snake's; and instead of hair, vipers wreathed about her temples, and shot out their forked tongues; while round her head were folded wings like an eagle's, and upon her bosom claws of brass.

And Perseus looked awhile, and then said: 10 "If there is anything so fierce and foul on earth, it were a noble deed to kill it. Where can I find the monster?"

Then the strange lady smiled again, and said: "Not yet; you are too young, and too unskilled; for this is Medusa the Gorgon, the mother of a monstrous brood. Return to your home, and do the work which waits there for you. You must play the man in that before I can think you worthy to go in search of the Gorgon."

20 Then Perseus would have spoken, but the strange lady vanished, and he awoke; and behold it was a dream. But day and night Perseus saw before him the face of that dreadful woman, with the vipers writhing round her head.

So he returned home; and when he came to Seriphos, the first thing which he heard was that his mother was a slave in the house of Polydectes.

Grinding his teeth with rage, he went out, and away to the king's palace, and through the men's 30 rooms, and the women's rooms, and so through all the house (for no one dared stop him, so

terrible and fair was he), till he found his mother sitting on the floor, turning the stone hand-mill, and weeping as she turned it. And he lifted her up, and kissed her, and bade her follow him forth. But before they could pass out of the room Polydectes came in, raging. And when Perseus saw him, he flew upon him as the mastiff flies on the boar. “Villain and tyrant!” he cried; “is this your respect for the Gods, and your mercy to strangers and widows? You shall die!” And because he had no sword he caught up the stone hand-mill, and lifted it to dash out Polydectes’ brains.

But his mother clung to him, shrieking, “Oh, my son, we are strangers and helpless in the land; and if you kill the king, all the people will fall on us, and we shall both die.”

Good Dictys, too, who had come in, entreated him. “Remember that he is my brother. Remember how I have brought you up, and trained <sup>20</sup> you as my own son, and spare him for my sake.”

Then Perseus lowered his hand: and Polydectes, who had been trembling all this while like a coward, because he knew that he was in the wrong, let Perseus and his mother pass.

Perseus took his mother to the temple of Athené and there the priestess made her one of the temple-sweepers; for there they knew she would be safe, and not even Polydectes would dare to drag her away from the altar. And <sup>30</sup> there Perseus, and the good Dictys, and his wife,

came to visit her every day ; while Polydectes, not being able to get what he wanted by force, cast about in his wicked heart how he might get it by cunning.

Now he was sure that he could never get back Danae as long as Perseus was in the island ; so he made a plot to rid himself of him. And first he pretended to have forgiven Perseus, and to have forgotten Danae : so that, for a while, all went as smoothly as ever.

Next he proclaimed a great feast, and invited to it all the chiefs, and landowners, and the young men of the island, and among them Perseus, that they might all do him homage as their king, and eat of his banquet in his hall.

On the appointed day they all came ; and as the custom was then, each guest brought his present with him to the king : one a horse, another a shawl, or a ring, or a sword ; and those who had nothing better brought a basket of grapes, or of game ; but Perseus brought nothing, for he had nothing to bring, being but a poor sailor-lad.

He was ashamed, however, to go into the king's presence without his gift ; and he was too proud to ask Dictys to lend him one. So he stood at the door sorrowfully, watching the rich men go in ; and his face grew very red as they pointed at him, and smiled, and whispered, "What has that foundling to give ?"

Now this was what Polydectes wanted ; and as

soon as he heard that Perseus stood without, he bade them bring him in, and asked him scornfully before them all, “Am I not your king, Perseus, and have I not invited you to my feast? Where is your present, then?”

Perseus blushed and stammered, while all the proud men round laughed, and some of them began jeering him openly. “This fellow was thrown ashore here like a piece of weed or driftwood, and yet he is too proud to bring a gift to the king.”

“And though he does not know who his father is, he is vain enough to let the old women call him the son of Zeus.”

And so forth, till poor Perseus grew mad with shame, and hardly knowing what he said, cried out,—“A present! who are you who talk of presents? See if I do not bring a nobler one than all of yours together!”

So he said boasting; and yet he felt in his heart that he was braver than all those scoffers, and more able to do some glorious deed.

“Hear him! Hear the boaster! What is it to be?” cried they all, laughing louder than ever.

Then his dream at Samos came into his mind, and he cried aloud, “The head of the Gorgon.”

He was half afraid after he had said the words; for all laughed louder than ever, and Polydectes loudest of all.

“You have promised to bring me the Gorgon’s head? Then never appear again in this island without it. Go!”

Perseus ground his teeth with rage, for he saw that he had fallen into a trap ; but his promise lay upon him, and he went out without a word.

Down to the cliffs he went, and looked across the broad blue sea ; and he wondered if his dream were true, and prayed in the bitterness of his soul.

“ Pallas Athené, was my dream true ? and shall I slay the Gorgon ? If thou didst really show me her face, let me not come to shame as a liar and boastful. Rashly and angrily I promised ; but cunningly and patiently will I perform.”

But there was no answer, nor sign ; neither thunder nor any appearance ; not even a cloud in the sky.

And three times Perseus called weeping, “ Rashly and angrily I promised ; but cunningly and patiently will I perform.”

Then he saw afar off above the sea a small white cloud, as bright as silver. And it came on, nearer and nearer, till its brightness dazzled his eyes.

Perseus wondered at that strange cloud, for there was no other cloud all round the sky ; and he trembled as it touched the cliff below. And as it touched, it broke, and parted, and within it appeared Pallas Athené, as he had seen her at Samos in his dream, and beside her a young man more light-limbed than the stag, whose eyes were like sparks of fire. By his side was a scimitar of diamond, all of one clear precious stone, and on his feet were golden sandals, from the heels of which grew living wings.

They looked upon Perseus keenly, and yet they never moved their eyes ; and they came up the cliffs towards him more swiftly than the sea-gull, and yet they never moved their feet, nor did the breeze stir the robes about their limbs ; only the wings of the youth's sandals quivered, like a hawk's when he hangs over the cliff. And Perseus fell down and worshipped, for he knew that they were more than man.

But Athené stood before him and spoke gently, 10 and bid him have no fear. Then—

“ Perseus,” she said, “ he who overcomes in one trial merits thereby a sharper trial still. You have braved Polydectes, and done manfully. Dare you brave Medusa the Gorgon ? ”

And Perseus said, “ Try me ; for since you spoke to me in Samos a new soul has come into my breast, and I should be ashamed not to dare anything which I can do. Show me, then, how I can do this ! ”

20

“ Perseus,” said Athené, “ think well before you attempt ; for this deed requires a seven years' journey, in which you cannot repent or turn back nor escape ; but if your heart fails you, you must die in the Unshapen Land, where no man will ever find your bones.”

“ Better so than live here useless and despised,” said Perseus. “ Tell me, then, oh tell me, fair and wise Goddess, of your great kindness and condescension, how I can do but this one thing, and 30 then, if need be, die ! ”

Then Athené smiled and said—

“ Be patient, and listen : for if you forget my words, you will indeed die. You must go northward to the country of the Hyperboreans, who live beyond the pole, at the sources of the cold north wind, till you find the three Gray Sisters, who have but one eye and one tooth between them. You must ask them the way to the Nymphs, the daughters of the Evening Star, who 10 dance about the golden tree, in the Atlantic island of the west. They will tell you the way to the Gorgon, that you may slay her, my enemy, the mother of monstrous beasts. Once she was a maiden as beautiful as morn, till in her pride she sinned a sin at which the sun hid his face ; and from that day her hair was turned to vipers, and her hands to eagle’s claws : and her heart was filled with shame and rage, and her lips with bitter venom ; and her eyes became so terrible 20 that whosoever looks on them is turned to stone ; and her children are the winged horse and the giant of the golden sword ; and her grandchildren are Echidna the witch-adder, and Geryon the three-headed tyrant, who feeds his herds beside the herds of hell. So she became the sister of the Gorgons, Stheino and Euryale the abhorred, the daughters of the Queen of the Sea. Touch them not, for they are immortal ; but bring me only Medusa’s 30 head.”

“ And I will bring it ! ” said Perseus ; “ but how

am I to escape her eyes? Will she not freeze me too into stone?"

"You shall take this polished shield," said Athené, "and when you come near her look not at her herself, but at her image in the brass; so you may strike her safely. And when you have struck off her head, wrap it, with your face turned away, in the folds of the goat-skin on which the shield hangs, the hide of Amaltheié, the nurse of the *Ægis*-holder. So you will bring it safely back to me, and win to yourself renown, and a place among the heroes who feast with the Immortals upon the peak where no winds blow."

Then Perseus said, "I will go, though I die in going. But how shall I cross the seas without a ship? And who will show me my way? And when I find her, how shall I slay her, if her scales be iron and brass?"

Then the young man spoke: "These sandals of mine will bear you across the seas, and over hill and dale like a bird, as they bear me all day long; for I am Hermes, the far-famed Argus-slayer, the messenger of the Immortals who dwell on Olympus."

Then Perseus fell down and worshipped, while the young man spoke again:

"The sandals themselves will guide you on the road, for they are divine and cannot stray; and this sword itself, the Argus-slayer, will kill her, for it is divine, and needs no second stroke. Arise, and gird them on, and go forth."

So Perseus arose, and girded on the sandals and the sword.

And Athené cried, "Now leap from the cliff and be gone."

But Perseus lingered.

"May I not bid farewell to my mother and to Dictys? And may I not offer burnt offerings to you, and to Hermes the far-famed Argus-slayer, and to Father Zeus above?"

10 "You shall not bid farewell to your mother, lest your heart relent at her weeping. I will comfort her and Dictys until you return in peace. Nor shall you offer burnt-offerings to the Olympians; for your offering shall be Medusa's head. Leap, and trust in the armour of the Immortals."

Then Perseus looked down the cliff and shuddered; but he was ashamed to show his dread. Then he thought of Medusa and the renown before him, and he leaped into the empty  
20 air.

And behold, instead of falling he floated, and stood, and ran along the sky. He looked back but Athené had vanished, and Hermes; and the sandals led him on northward ever, like a crane who follows the spring toward the Ister fens.

## PART III

## HOW PERSEUS SLEW THE GORGON

So Perseus started on his journey, going dry-shod over land and sea ; and his heart was high and joyful, for the winged sandals bore him each day a seven day's journey.

And he went by Cythnus, and by Ceos, and the pleasant Cyclades to Attica ; and past Athens and Thebes, and the Copaic lake, and up the vale of Cephissus, and past the peaks of  $\Omega$ eta and Pindus, and over the rich Thessalian plains, till the sunny hills of Greece were behind him, and before him <sup>10</sup> were the wilds of the north. Then he passed the Thracian mountains, and many a barbarous tribe, Paeons and Dardans and Triballi, till he came to the Ister stream, and the dreary Scythian plains. And he walked across the Ister dry-shod, and away through the moors and fens, day and night toward the bleak north-west, turning neither to the right hand nor the left, till he came to the Unshapen Land, and the place which has no name.

And seven days he walked through it, on a path which few can tell ; for those who have trodden it like least to speak of it, and those who go there again in dreams are glad enough when they awake ; till he came to the edge of the everlasting night, where the air was full of feathers,

and the soil was hard with ice ; and there at last he found the three Gray Sisters, by the shore of the freezing sea, nodding upon a white log of drift-wood, beneath the cold white winter moon : and they chaunted a low song together, "Why the old times were better than the new."

There was no living thing around them, not a fly, not a moss upon the rocks. Neither seal nor sea-gull dare come near, lest the ice should clutch <sup>10</sup> them in its claws. The surge broke up in foam, but it fell again in flakes of snow ; and it frosted the hair of the three Gray Sisters, and the bones in the ice-cliff above their heads. They passed the eye from one to the other, but for all that they could not see ; and they passed the tooth from one to the other, but for all that they could not eat ; and they sat in the full glare of the moon, but they were none the warmer for her beams. And Perseus pitied the three Gray Sisters : but <sup>20</sup> they did not pity themselves.

So he said, "Oh, venerable mothers, wisdom is the daughter of old age. You therefore should know many things. Tell me, if you can, the path to the Gorgon."

Then one cried, "Who is this who reproaches us with old age?" And another, "This is the voice of one of the children of men."

And he, "I do not reproach, but honour your old age, and I am one of the sons of men and of <sup>30</sup> the heroes. The rulers of Olympus have sent me to you to ask the way to the Gorgon."

Then one, "There are new rulers in Olympus, and all new things are bad." And another, "We hate your rulers, and the heroes, and all the children of men. We are the kindred of the Titans, and the Giants, and the Gorgons, and the ancient monsters of the deep." And another, "Who is this rash and insolent man who pushes unbidden into our world?" And the first, "There never was such a world as ours, nor will be; if we let him see it, he will spoil it all." 10

Then one cried, "Give me the eye, that I may see him;" and another, "Give me the tooth, that I may bite him." But Perseus when he saw that they were foolish and proud, and did not love the children of men, left off pitying them, and said to himself, "Hungry men must needs be hasty; if I stay making many words here, I shall be starved." Then he stepped close to them, and watched till they passed the eye from hand to hand. And as they groped about between themselves, he held out 20 his own hand gently, till one of them put the eye into it, fancying that it was the hand of her sister. Then he sprang back, and laughed, and cried—

"Cruel and proud old women, I have your eye; and I will throw it into the sea, unless you tell me the path to the Gorgon, and swear to me that you tell me right."

Then they wept, and chattered, and scolded; but in vain. They were forced to tell the truth, though, when they told it, Perseus could hardly 30 make out the road.

“ You must go,” they said, “ foolish boy, to the southward, into the ugly glare of the sun, till you come to Atlas the Giant, who holds the heaven and the earth apart. And you must ask his daughters, the Hesperides, who are young and foolish like yourself. And now give us back our eye, for we have forgotten all the rest.”

So Perseus gave them back their eye ; but instead of using it, they nodded and fell fast asleep, and were turned into blocks of ice, till the tide came up and washed them all away. And now they float up and down like icebergs for ever, weeping whenever they meet the sunshine, and the fruitful summer, and the warm south wind, which fill young hearts with joy.

But Perseus leaped away to the southward, leaving the snow and the ice behind : past the isle of the Hyperboreans, and the tin isles, and the long Iberian shore, while the sun rose higher day by day upon a bright blue summer sea. And the terns and the sea-gulls swept laughing round his head, and called to him to stop and play, and the dolphins gambolled up as he passed, and offered to carry him on their backs. And all night long the sea-nymphs sang sweetly, and the Tritons blew upon their conchs, as they played round Galatea their queen, in her car of pearléd shells. Day by day the sun rose higher, and leaped more swiftly into the sea at night, and more swiftly out of the sea at dawn ; while Perseus skimmed over the billows like a sea-gull, and his feet were never wetted ;

and leapt on from wave to wave, and his limbs were never weary, till he saw far away a mighty mountain, all rose-red in the setting sun. Its feet were wrapped in forests, and its head in wreaths of cloud ; and Perseus knew that it was Atlas, who holds the heavens and the earth apart.

He came to the mountain, and leapt on shore, and wandered upward, among pleasant valleys and waterfalls, and tall trees and strange ferns and flowers ; but there was no smoke rising from any <sup>10</sup> glen, nor house, nor sign of man.

At last he heard sweet voices singing ; and he guessed that he was come to the garden of the Nymphs, the daughters of the evening star.

They sang like nightingales among the thickets, and Perseus stopped to hear their song ; but the words which they spoke he could not understand ; no, nor no man after him for many a hundred years. So he stepped forward and saw them dancing hand in hand around the charmed tree, <sup>20</sup> which bent under its golden fruit ; and round the tree-foot was coiled the dragon, old Ladon the sleepless snake, who lies there for ever, listening to the song of the maidens, blinking and watching with dry bright eyes.

Then Perseus stopped, not because he feared the dragon, but because he was bashful before those fair maids ; but when they saw him, they too stopped, and called to him with trembling voices—

30

“ Who are you ? Are you Heracles the mighty,

who will come to rob our garden, and carry off our golden fruit ? ” And he answered—

“ I am not Heracles the mighty, and I want none of your golden fruit. Tell me, fair Nymphs, the way which leads to the Gorgon, that I may go on my way and slay her.”

“ Not yet, not yet, fair boy ; come dance with us around the tree in the garden which knows no winter, the home of the south wind and the sun. 10 Come hither and play with us awhile ; we have danced alone here for a thousand years, and our hearts are weary with longing for a playfellow. So come, come, come ! ”

“ I cannot dance with you, fair maidens ; for I must do the errand of the Immortals. So tell me the way to the Gorgon, lest I wander and perish in the waves.”

Then they sighed and wept ; and answered—

“ The Gorgon ; she will freeze you into stone.”

20 “ It is better to die like a hero than to live like an ox in a stall. The Immortals have lent me weapons, and they will give me wit to use them.”

Then they sighed again and answered, “ Fair boy, if you are bent on your own ruin, be it so. We know not the way to the Gorgon ; but we will ask the giant Atlas, above upon the mountain peak, the brother of our father, the silver Evening Star. He sits aloft and sees across the ocean, and far away into the Unshapen Land.”

30 So they went up the mountain to Atlas their uncle, and Perseus went up with them. And they

found the giant kneeling, as he held the heavens and the earth apart.

They asked him, and he answered mildly, pointing to the sea-board with his mighty hand, "I can see the Gorgons lying on an island far away, but this youth can never come near them, unless he has the hat of darkness, which whosoever wears cannot be seen."

Then cried Perseus, "Where is that hat, that I may find it?"

10

But the giant smiled. "No living mortal can find that hat, for it lies in the depth of Hades, in the regions of the dead. But my nieces are immortal, and they shall fetch it for you, if you will promise me one thing and keep your faith."

Then Perseus promised; and the giant said, "When you come back with the head of Medusa, you shall show me the beautiful horror, that I may lose my feeling and my breathing, and become a stone for ever; for it is weary labour 20 for me to hold the heavens and the earth apart."

Then Perseus promised, and the eldest of the Nymphs went down, and into a dark cavern among the cliffs, out of which came smoke and thunder, for it was one of the mouths of Hell.

And Perseus and the Nymphs sat down seven days, and waited trembling, till the Nymph came up again; and her face was pale, and her eyes dazzled with the light, for she had been long in the dreary darkness; but in her hand was the 30 magic hat.

Then all the Nymphs kissed Perseus, and wept over him a long while ; but he was only impatient to be gone. And at last they put the hat upon his head, and he vanished out of their sight.

But Perseus went on boldly, past many an ugly sight, far away into the heart of the Unshapen Land, beyond the streams of Ocean, to the isles where no ship cruises, where is neither night nor day, where nothing is in its right place, and nothing has a name ; till he heard the rustle of the Gorgons' wings and saw the glitter of their brazen talons ; and then he knew that it was time to halt, lest Medusa should freeze him into stone.

He thought awhile with himself, and remembered Athené's words. He rose aloft into the air, and held the mirror of the shield above his head, and looked up into it that he might see all that was below.

And he saw the three Gorgons sleeping, as huge as elephants. He knew that they could not see him, because the hat of darkness hid him ; and yet he trembled as he sank down near them, so terrible were those brazen claws,

Two of the Gorgons were foul as swine, and lay sleeping heavily, as swine sleep, with their mighty wings outspread ; but Medusa tossed to and fro restlessly, and as she tossed Perseus pitied her, she looked so fair and sad. Her plumage was like the rainbow, and her face was like the face of a nymph, only her eyebrows were knit, and her lips clenched, with everlasting care and pain ; and

her long neck gleamed so white in the mirror that Perseus had not the heart to strike, and said, "Ah, that it had been either of her sisters!"

But as he looked, from among her tresses the vipers' heads awoke, and peeped up with their bright dry eyes, and showed their fangs, and hissed; and Medusa, as she tossed, threw back her wings and showed her brazen claws; and Perseus saw that, for all her beauty, she was as foul and venomous as the rest. 10

Then he came down and stepped to her boldly, and looked steadfastly on his mirror, and struck with Harpé stoutly once; and he did not need to strike again.

Then he wrapped the head in the goat-skin, turning away his eyes, and sprang into the air aloft, faster than he ever sprang before.

For Medusa's wings and talons rattled as she sank dead upon the rocks; and her two foul sisters woke, and saw her lying dead. 20

Into the air they sprang yelling, and looked for him who had done the deed. Thrice they swung round and round, like hawks who beat for a partridge: and thrice they snuffed round and round, like hounds who draw upon a deer. At last they struck upon the scent of the blood, and they checked for a moment to make sure; and then on they rushed with a fearful howl, while the wind rattled hoarse in their wings.

On they rushed, sweeping and flapping, like 30 eagles after a hare; and Perseus' blood ran cold,

for all his courage, as he saw them come howling on his track ; and he cried, "Bear me well now, brave sandals, for the hounds of Death are at my heels ! "

And well the brave sandals bore him, aloft through cloud and sunshine, across the shoreless sea : and fast followed the hounds of Death, as the roar of their wings came down the wind. But the roar came down fainter and fainter, and 10 the howl of their voices died away : for the sandals were too swift, even for Gorgons, and by night-fall they were far behind, two black specks in the southern sky, till the sun sank and he saw them no more.

Then he came again to Atlas, and the garden of the Nymphs ; and when the giant heard him coming, he groaned, and said, " Fulfil thy promise to me." Then Perseus held up to him the Gorgon's head, and he had rest from all his toil ; 20 for he became a crag of stone, which sleeps for ever far above the clouds.

Then he thanked the Nymphs, and asked them, " By what road shall I go homeward again, for I wandered far round in coming hither ? "

And they wept and cried, " Go home no more, but stay and play with us, the lonely maidens, who dwell for ever far away from Gods and men."

But he refused, and they told him his road, and 30 said, " Take with you this magic fruit, which, if you eat once, you will not hunger for seven days.

For you must go eastward and eastward ever, over the doleful Libyan shore, which Poseidon gave to Father Zeus, when he burst open the Bosphorus and the Hellespont, and drowned the fair Lectonian land. And Zeus took that land in exchange, a fair bargain, much bad ground for a little good, and to this day it lies waste and desert, with shingle, and rock, and sand."

Then they kissed Perseus, and wept over him, <sup>10</sup> and he leapt down the mountain, and went on, lessening and lessening like a sea-gull, away and out to sea.

## PART IV

### HOW PERSEUS CAME TO THE AETHIOPS

SO Perseus flitted onward to the north-east, over many a league of sea, till he came to the rolling sand-hills and the dreary Libyan shore.

And he flitted on across the desert: over rock-edges, and banks of shingle, and level wastes of sand, and shell-drifts bleaching in the sunshine, and the skeletons of great sea-monsters, and dead <sup>20</sup> bones of ancient giants, strewn up and down upon the old sea-floor. And as he went the blood-drops fell to the earth from the Gorgon's head, and became poisonous asps and adders, which breed in the desert to this day.

Over the sands he went,—he never knew how far or how long, feeding on the fruit which the Nymphs had given him, till he saw the hills of the Psylli, and the Dwarfs who fought with cranes. Their spears were of reeds and rushes, and their houses of the egg-shells of the cranes ; and Perseus laughed, and went his way to the north-east, hoping all day long to see the blue Mediterranean sparkling, that he might fly across it to his home.

But now came down a mighty wind, and swept him back southward toward the desert. All day long he strove against it; but even the winged sandals could not prevail. So he was forced to float down the wind all night ; and when the morning dawned there was nothing to be seen, save the same old hateful waste of sand.

And out of the north the sandstorms rushed upon him, blood-red pillars and wreaths, blotting out the noon-day sun ; and Perseus fled before them, lest he should be choked by the burning dust. At last the gale fell calm, and he tried to go northward again ; but again came down the sandstorms, and swept him back into the waste, and then all was calm and cloudless as before. Seven days he strove against the storms, and seven days he was driven back, till he was spent with thirst and hunger, and his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. Here and there he fancied that he saw a fair lake, and the sunbeams shining on the water ; but when he came to it it vanished

at his feet, and there was nought but burning sand. And if he had not been of the race of the Immortals, he would have perished in the waste; but his life was strong within him, because it was more than man's.

Then he cried to Athené, and said—

“Oh, fair and pure, if thou hearest me, wilt thou leave me here to die of drought? I have brought thee the Gorgon's head at thy bidding, and hitherto thou has prospered my journey; dost thou desert me at the last? Else why will not these immortal sandals prevail, even against the desert storms? Shall I never see my mother more, and the blue ripple round Seriphos, and the sunny hills of Hellas?”

So he prayed; and after he had prayed there was a great silence.

The heaven was still above his head, and the sand was still beneath his feet; and Perseus looked up, but there was nothing but the blinding sun in the blinding blue; and round him, but there was nothing but the blinding sand.

And Perseus stood still a while, and waited, and said, “Surely I am not here without the will of the Immortals, for Athené will not lie. Were not these sandals to lead me in the right road? Then the road in which I have tried to go must be a wrong road.”

Then suddenly his ears were opened, and he heard the sound of running water,

And at that his heart was lifted up, though he scarcely dare believe his ears ; and weary as he was, he hurried forward, though he could scarcely stand upright ; and within a bowshot of him was a glen in the sand, and marble rocks, and date-trees, and a lawn of gay green grass. And through the lawn a streamlet sparkled and wandered out beyond the trees, and vanished in the sand.

The water trickled among the rocks, and a pleasant breeze rustled in the dry date-branches ; and Perseus laughed for joy, and leapt down the cliff, and drank of the cool water, and ate of the dates, and slept upon the turf, and leaped up and went forward again : but not toward the north this time ; for he said, “ Surely Athené hath sent me hither, and will not have me go homeward yet. What if there be another noble deed to be done, before I see the sunny hills of Hellas ? ”

So he went east, and east for ever, by fresh oases and fountains, date-palms, and lawns of grass, till he saw before him a mighty mountain-wall, all rose-red in the setting sun.

Then he towered in the air like an eagle, for his limbs were strong again ; and he flew all night across the mountain till the day began to dawn, and rosy-fingered Eos came blushing up the sky. And then, behold, beneath him was the long green garden of Egypt and the shining stream of Nile.

And he saw cities walled up to heaven, and temples, and obelisks, and pyramids, and giant Gods of stone. And he came down amid fields

of barley, and flax, and millet, and clambering gourds ; and saw the people coming out of the gates of a great city, and setting to work, each in his place, among the water-courses, parting the streams among the plants cunningly with their feet, according to the wisdom of the Egyptians. But when they saw him they all stopped their work, and gathered round him, and cried—

“ Who art thou, fair youth ? and what bearest <sup>to</sup> thou beneath thy goat-skin there ? Surely thou art one of the Immortals ; for thy skin is white like ivory, and ours is red like clay. Thy hair is like threads of gold, and ours is black and curled. Surely thou art one of the Immortals ; ” and they would have worshipped him then and there ; but Perseus said—

“ I am not one of the Immortals ; but I am a hero of the Hellens. And I have slain the Gorgon in the wilderness, and bear her head with me. <sup>20</sup> Give me food, therefore, that I may go forward and finish my work.”

Then they gave him food, and fruit, and wine ; but they would not let him go. And when the news came into the city that the Gorgon was slain, the priests came out to meet him, and the maidens, with songs and dances, and timbrels and harps ; and they would have brought him to their temple and to their king ; but Perseus put on the hat of darkness, and vanished away out of <sup>30</sup> their sight.

Therefore the Egyptians looked long for his return, but in vain, and worshipped him as a hero, and made a statue of him in Chemnis, which stood for many a hundred years ; and they said that he appeared to them at times, with sandals a cubit long ; and that whenever he appeared the season was fruitful, and the Nile rose high that year.

Then Perseus went to the eastward, along the 10 Red Sea shore ; and then, because he was afraid to go into the Arabian deserts, he turned northward once more, and this time no storm hindered him.

He went past the Isthmus, and Mount Casius, and the vast Sirbonian bog, and up the shore of Palestine, where the dark-faced *Æthiops* dwelt.

He flew on past pleasant hills and valleys, like Argos itself, or Lacedæmon, or the fair Vale of Tempe. But the lowlands were all drowned by 20 floods, and the highlands blasted by fire, and the hills heaved like a bubbling cauldron, before the wrath of King Poseidon, the shaker of the earth.

And Perseus feared to go inland, but flew along the shore above the sea ; and he went on all the day, and the sky was black with smoke ; and he went on all the night, and the sky was red with flame.

And at the dawn of day he looked toward 30 the cliffs ; and at the water's edge, under a black rock, he saw a white image stand.

"This," thought he, "must surely be the statue of some sea-God; I will go near and see what kind of Gods these barbarians worship."

So he came near; but when he came, it was no statue, but a maiden of flesh and blood; for he could see her tresses streaming in the breeze; and as he came closer still, he could see how she shrank and shivered when the waves sprinkled her with cold salt spray. Her arms were spread above her head, and fastened to the <sup>10</sup> rocks with chains of brass; and her head drooped on her bosom, either with sleep, or weariness, or grief. But now and then she looked up and wailed, and called her mother; yet she did not see Perseus, for the cap of darkness was on his head.

Full of pity and indignation, Perseus drew near and looked upon the maid. Her cheeks were darker than his were, and her hair was blue-black like a hyacinth; but Perseus thought, "I have never seen so beautiful a maiden; no, <sup>20</sup> not in all our isles. Surely she is a king's daughter. Do barbarians treat their king's daughters thus? She is too fair, at least, to have done any wrong. I will speak to her."

And, lifting the hat from his head, he flashed into her sight. She shrieked with terror, and tried to hide her face with her hair, for she could not with her hands; but Perseus cried—

"Do not fear me, fair one; I am a Hellen, and no barbarian. What cruel men have bound you? <sup>30</sup> But first I will set you free."

And he tore at the fetters, but they were too strong for him ; while the maiden cried—

“ Touch me not ; I am accursed, devoted as a victim to the sea-Gods. They will slay you, if you dare to set me free.”

“ Let them try,” said Perseus ; and drawing Harpé from his thigh, he cut through the brass as if it had been flax.

“ Now,” he said, “ you belong to me, and not to these sea-Gods, whosoever they may be ! ” But she only called the more on her mother.

“ Why call on your mother ? She can be no mother to have left you here. If a bird is dropped out of the nest, it belongs to the man who picks it up. If a jewel is cast by the wayside, it is his who dare win it and wear it, as I will win you and will wear you. I know now why Pallas Athéné sent me hither. She sent me to gain a prize worth all my toil and more.”

20 And he clasped her in his arms, and cried, “ Where are these sea-Gods, cruel and unjust, who doom fair maids to death ? I carry the weapons of Immortals. Let them measure their strength against mine ! But tell me, maiden, who you are, and what dark fate brought you here.”

And she answered, weeping—

“ I am the daughter of Cepheus, King of Iopa, and my mother is Cassiopeia of the beautiful tresses, and they called me Andromeda, as long as 30 life was mine. And I stand bound here, hapless that I am, for the sea monster’s food, to atone for

my mother's sin. For she boasted of me once that I was fairer than Atergatis, Queen of the Fishes ; so she in her wrath sent the sea-floods, and her brother the Fire King sent the earthquakes, and wasted all the land, and after the floods a monster bred of the slime, who devours all living things. And now he must devour me, guiltless though I am—me who never harmed a living thing, nor saw a fish upon the shore but I gave it life, and threw it back into the sea ; for in <sup>10</sup> our land we eat no fish, for fear of Atergatis their queen. Yet the priests say that nothing but my blood can atone for a sin which I never committed."

But Perseus laughed, and said, " A sea-monster? I have fought with worse than him ; I would have faced Immortals for your sake ; how much more a beast of the sea ? "

Then Andromeda looked up at him ; and new hope was kindled in her breast, so proud and fair <sup>20</sup> did he stand, with one hand round her, and in the other the glittering sword. But she only sighed, and wept the more, and cried—

" Why will you die, young as you are ? Is there not death and sorrow enough in the world already ? It is noble for me to die, that I may save the lives of a whole people ; but you, better than them all, why should I slay you too ? Go you your way, I must go mine."

But Perseus cried, " Not so ; for the Lords of <sup>30</sup> Olympus, whom I serve, are the friends of the

heroes, and help them on to noble deeds. Led by them, I slew the Gorgon, the beautiful horror ; and not without them do I come hither, to slay this monster with that same Gorgon's head. Yet hide your eyes when I leave you, lest the sight of it freeze you too to stone."

But the maiden answered nothing for she could not believe his words. And then, suddenly looking up, she pointed to the sea, and shrieked—

10 "There he comes, with the sunrise, as they promised. I must die now. How shall I endure it? Oh, go ! Is it not dreadful enough to be torn piecemeal, without having you to look on?" And she tried to thrust him away.

But he said, "I go ; yet promise me one thing ere I go : that if I slay this beast you will be my wife, and come back with me to my kingdom in fruitful Argos, for I am a king's heir. Promise me, and seal it with a kiss."

20 Then she lifted up her face, and kissed him ; and Perseus laughed for joy, and flew upward, while Andromeda crouched trembling on the rock, waiting for what might befall.

On came the great sea-monster, coasting along like a huge black galley, lazily breasting the ripple, and stopping at times by creek or headland to watch for the laughter of girls at their bleaching, or cattle pawing on the sand-hills, or boys bathing on the beach. His great sides were 30 fringed with clustering shells and sea-weeds, and the water gurgled in and out of his wide jaws, as

he rolled along, dripping and glistening in the beams of the morning sun.

At last he saw Andromeda, and shot forward to take his prey, while the waves foamed white behind him, and before him the fish fled leaping.

Then down from the height of the air fell Perseus like a shooting star ; down to the crests of the waves, while Andromeda hid her face as he shouted ; and then there was silence for a while.

At last she looked up trembling, and saw 10 Perseus springing toward her ; and instead of the monster a long black rock, with the sea rippling quietly round it.

Who then so proud as Perseus, as he leapt back to the rock, and lifted his fair Andromeda in his arms, and flew with her to the cliff-top, as a falcon carries a dove ?

Who so proud as Perseus, and who so joyful as all the *Æthiop* people ? For they had stood watching the monster from the cliffs, wailing for 20 the maiden's fate. And already a messenger had gone to Cepheus and Cassiopeia, where they sat in sackcloth and ashes on the ground, in the innermost palace chambers, awaiting their daughter's end. And they came, and all the city with them, to see the wonder, with songs and with dances, with cymbals and harps, and received their daughter back again, as one alive from the dead.

Then Cepheus said, "Hero of the Hellenes, stay here with me and be my son-in-law, and I will 30 give you the half of my kingdom."

"I will be your son-in-law," said Perseus, "but of your kingdom I will have none, for I long after the pleasant land of Greece, and my mother who waits for me at home."

Then Cepheus said, "You must not take my daughter away at once, for she is to us like one alive from the dead. Stay with us here a year, and after that you shall return with honour." And Perseus consented; but before he went to the 10 palace he bade the people bring stones and wood, and built three altars, one to Athené, and one to Hermes, and one to Father Zeus, and offered bullocks and rams.

And some said, "This is a pious man;" yet the priests said, "The Sea Queen will be yet more fierce against us, because her monster is slain." But they were afraid to speak aloud, for they feared the Gorgon's head. So they went up to the palace; and when they came in, there stood in the hall 20 Phineus, the brother of Cepheus, chafing like a bear robbed of her whelps, and with him his sons, and his servants, and many an armed man; and he cried to Cepheus—

"You shall not marry your daughter to this stranger, of whom no one knows even the name. Was not Andromeda betrothed to my son? And now she is safe again, has he not a right to claim her?"

But Perseus laughed, and answered, "If your son 30 is in want of a bride, let him save a maiden for himself. As yet he seems but a helpless bride-

groom. He left this one to die, and dead she is to him. I saved her alive, and alive she is to me, but to no one else. Ungrateful man! have I not saved your land, and the lives of your sons and daughters, and will you requite me thus? Go, or it will be worse for you." But all the men-at-arms drew their swords, and rushed on him like wild beasts.

Then he unveiled the Gorgon's head, and said, "This has delivered my bride from one wild beast: it shall deliver her from many." And as he spoke <sup>10</sup> Phineus and all his men-at-arms stopped short, and stiffened each man as he stood; and before Perseus had drawn the goat-skin over the face again, they were all turned into stone.

Then Perseus bade the people bring levers and roll them out; and what was done with them after that I cannot tell.

So they made a great wedding-feast, which lasted seven whole days, and who so happy as Perseus and Andromeda? <sup>20</sup>

But on the eighth night Perseus dreamed a dream; and he saw standing beside him Pallas Athené, as he had seen her in Seriphos, seven long years before; and she stood and called him by name, and said—

"Perseus you have played the man, and see, you have your reward. Know now that the Gods are just, and help him who helps himself. Now give me here Harpé the sword, and the sandals, and the hat of darkness, that I may give them back to their <sup>30</sup> owners; but the Gorgon's head you shall keep a

while, for you will need it in your land of Greece. Then you shall lay it up in my temple at Seriphos, that I may wear it on my shield for ever, a terror to the Titans and the monsters, and the foes of Gods and men. And as for this land, I have appeased the sea and the fire, and there shall be no more floods nor earthquakes. But let the people build altars to Father Zeus, and to me, and worship the Immortals, the Lords of heaven and earth."

10 And Perseus rose to give her the sword, and the cap, and the sandals ; but he woke, and his dream vanished away. And yet it was not altogether a dream ; for the goat-skin with the head was in its place ; but the sword, and the cap, and the sandals were gone, and Perseus never saw them more.

Then a great awe fell on Perseus ; and he went out in the morning to the people, and told his dream, and bade them build altars to Zeus, the Father of Gods and men, and to Athené, who 20 gives wisdom to heroes ; and fear no more the earthquakes and floods, but sow and build in peace. And they did so for a while, and prospered ; but after Perseus was gone they forgot Zeus and Athené, and worshipped again Atergatis the queen, and the undying fish of the sacred lake, where Deucalion's deluge was swallowed up, and they burnt their children before the Fire King, till Zeus was angry with that foolish people, and brought a strange nation against them out of Egypt, 30 who fought against them and wasted them utterly, and dwelt in their cities for many a hundred years.

## PART V

## HOW PERSEUS CAME HOME AGAIN

AND when a year was ended Perseus hired Phœnicians from Tyre, and cut down cedars, and built himself a noble galley; and painted its cheeks with vermillion, and pitched its sides with pitch; and in it he put Andromeda, and all her dowry of jewels, and rich shawls, and spices from the East; and great was the weeping when they rowed away. But the remembrance of his brave deed was left behind; and Andromeda's rock was shown at Iopa in Palestine till more than a thousand years were past.

So Perseus and the Phœnicians rowed to the westward, across the sea of Crete, till they came to the blue *Æ*gean and the pleasant Isles of Hellas, and Seriphos, his ancient home.

Then he left his galley on the beach, and went up as of old; and he embraced his mother, and Dictys his good foster-father, and they wept over each other a long while, for it was seven years and more since they had met.

Then Perseus went out, and up to the hall of Polydectes; and underneath the goat-skin he bore the Gorgon's head.

And when he came into the hall, Polydectes sat at the table-head, and all his nobles and land-owners on either side, each according to his rank,

feasting on the fish and the goat's flesh, and drinking the blood-red wine. The harpers harped, and the revellers shouted, and the wine-cups rang merrily as they passed from hand to hand, and great was the noise in the hall of Polydectes.

Then Perseus stood upon the threshold, and called to the king by name. But none of the guests knew Perseus, for he was changed by his long journey. He had gone out a boy, and he <sup>10</sup> was come home a hero ; his eye shone like an eagle's, and his beard was like a lion's beard, and he stood up like a wild bull in his pride.

But Polydectes the wicked knew him, and hardened his heart still more ; and scornfully he called—

“ Ah, foundling ! have you found it more easy to promise than to fulfil ! ”

“ Those whom the Gods help fulfil their promises ; and those who despise them, reap as <sup>20</sup> they have sown. Behold the Gorgon's head ! ”

Then Perseus drew back the goat-skin, and held aloft the Gorgon's head.

Pale grew Polydectes and his guests as they looked upon that dreadful face. They tried to rise up from their seats : but from their seats they never rose, but stiffened, each man where he sat, into a ring of cold gray stones.

Then Perseus turned and left them, and went down to his galley in the bay : and he gave the <sup>30</sup> kingdom to good Dictys, and sailed away with his mother and his bride.

And Polydectes and his guests sat still, with the wine-cups before them on the board, till the rafters crumbled down above their heads, and the walls behind their backs, and the table crumbled down between them, and the grass sprung up about their feet: but Polydectes and his guests sit on the hillside, a ring of gray stones until this day.

But Perseus rowed westward toward Argos, and landed, and went up to the town. And when he <sup>10</sup> came, he found that Acrisius his grandfather had fled. For Proetus his wicked brother had made war against him afresh; and had come across the river from Tiryns, and conquered Argos, and Acrisius had fled to Larissa, in the country of the wild Pelasgi.

Then Perseus called the Argives together, and told them who he was, and all the noble deeds which he had done. And all the nobles and the yeomen made him king, for they saw that he had <sup>20</sup> a royal heart; and they fought with him against Argos, and took it, and killed Proetus, and made the Cyclopes serve them, and build them walls round Argos, like the walls which they had built at Tiryns; and there were great rejoicings in the vale of Argos, because they had got a king from Father Zeus.

But Perseus' heart yearned after his grandfather, and he said, "Surely he is my flesh and blood, and he will love me now that I am come <sup>30</sup> home with honour: I will go and find him, and

bring him home, and we will reign together in peace."

So Perseus sailed away with his Phœnicians, round Hydrea and Sunium, past Marathon and the Attic shore, and through Euripus and up the long Eubœan sea, till he came to the town of Larissa, where the wild Pelasgi dwelt.

And when he came there, all the people were in the fields, and there was feasting, and all kinds of games ; for Teutamenes their king wished to honour Acrisius, because he was the king of a mighty land.

So Perseus did not tell his name, but went up to the games unknown ; for he said, " If I carry away the prize in the games, my grandfather's heart will be softened toward me."

So he threw off his helmet, and his cuirass, and all his clothes, and stood among the youths of Larissa, while all wondered at him, and said, " Who is this young stranger, who stands like a wild bull in his pride ? Surely he is one of the heroes, the sons of the Immortals, from Olympus."

And when the games began, they wondered yet more ; for Perseus was the best man of all at running, and leaping, and wrestling, and throwing the javelin : and he won four crowns, and took them, and then he said to himself, " There is a fifth crown yet to be won ; I will win that, and lay them all upon the knees of my grandfather."

And as he spoke, he saw where Acrisius sat, by the side of Teutamenes the king, with his white beard flowing down upon his knees, and his royal staff in his hand ; and Perseus wept when he looked at him, for his heart yearned after his kin ; and he said, "Surely he is a kingly old man, yet he need not be ashamed of his grandson."

Then he took the quoits, and hurled them, five fathoms beyond all the rest ; and the people <sup>10</sup> shouted, "Further yet, brave stranger ! There has never been such a hurler in this land."

Then Perseus put out all his strength, and hurled. But a gust of wind came from the sea, and carried the quoit aside, and far beyond all the rest ; and it fell on the foot of Acrisius, and he swooned away with the pain.

Perseus shrieked, and ran up to him ; but when they lifted the old man up he was dead, for his life was slow and feeble.

20

Then Perseus rent his clothes, and cast dust upon his head, and wept a long while for his grandfather. At last he rose, and called to all the people aloud, and said—

"The Gods are true, and what they have ordained must be. I am Perseus, the grandson of this dead man, the far-famed slayer of the Gorgon."

Then he told them how the prophecy had declared that he should kill his grandfather, and <sup>30</sup> all the story of his life.

So they made a great mourning for Acrisius, and burnt him on a right rich pile ; and Perseus went to the temple, and was purified from the guilt of the death, because he had done it unknowingly.

Then he went home to Argos, and reigned there well with fair Andromeda : and they had four sons and three daughters, and died in a good old age.

10 And when they died, the ancients say, Athené took them up into the sky, with Cepheus and Cassiopeia. And there on starlight nights you may see them shining still ; Cepheus with his kingly crown, and Cassiopeia in her ivory chair, plaiting her star-spangled tresses, and Perseus with the Gorgon's head, and fair Andromeda beside him, spreading her long white arms across the heaven, as she stood when chained to the stone for the monster. All night long 20 they shine, for a beacon to wandering sailors ; but all day they feast with the Gods, on the still blue peaks of Olympus.

## ANDROMEDA

OVER the sea, past Crete, on the Syrian shore  
to the southward,  
Dwells in the well-tilled lowland a dark-haired  
Æthiop people,  
Skilful with needle and loom, and the arts of  
the dyer and carver,  
Skilful, but feeble of heart ; for they know not  
the lords of Olympus,  
Lovers of men ; neither broad-browed Zeus, nor 5  
Pallas Athené,  
Teacher of wisdom to heroes, bestower of might  
in the battle ;  
Share not the cunning of Hermes, nor list to  
the songs of Apollo.  
Fearing the stars of the sky, and the roll of  
the blue salt water,  
Fearing all things that have life in the womb  
of the seas and the rivers,  
Eating no fish to this day, nor ploughing the 10  
main, like the Phœnics,  
Manful with black-beaked ships, they abide in  
a sorrowful region,

Vexed with the earthquake, and flame, and the sea-floods, scourge of Poseidon.  
Whelming the dwellings of men, and the toils of the slow-footed oxen,  
Drowning the barley and flax, and the hard-earned gold of the harvest,  
Up to the hillside vines, and the pastures skirting the woodland,  
5 Inland the floods came yearly; and after the waters a monster,  
Bred of the slime, like the worms which are bred from the slime of the Nile-bank,  
Shapeless, a terror to see; and by night it swam out to the seaward,  
Daily returning to feed with the dawn, and devoured of the fairest,  
Cattle, and children, and maids, till the terrified, people fled inland.  
10 Fasting in sackcloth and ashes they came both the king and his people,  
Came to the mountain of oaks, to the house of the terrible sea-gods,  
Hard by the gulf in the rocks, where of old the world-wide deluge  
Sank to the inner abyss; and the lake where the fish of the goddess,  
Holy, undying, abide; whom the priests feed daily with dainties.  
15 There to the mystical fish, high-throned in her chamber of cedar,

Burnt they the fat of the flock ; till the flame  
shone far to the seaward.

Three days fasting they prayed ; but the fourth  
day the priests of the goddess,

Cunning in spells, cast lots, to discover the  
crime of the people.

All day long they cast, till the house of the  
monarch was taken,

Cepheus, king of the land ; and the faces of all 5  
gathered blackness.

Then once more they cast ; and Cassiopœia  
was taken,

Deep-bosomed wife of the king, whom oft far-  
seeing Apollo

Watched well-pleased from the welkin, the  
fairest of Æthiop women :

Fairest, save only her daughter ; for down to  
the ankle her tresses

Rolled, blue-black as the night, ambrosial, joy 10  
to beholders.

Awful and fair she arose, most like in her  
coming to Here,

Queen before whom the Immortals arise, as she  
comes on Olympus,

Out of the chamber of gold, which her son  
Hephæstos has wrought her.

Such in her stature and eyes, and the broad  
white light of her forehead.

Stately she came from her place, and she spoke 15  
in the midst of the people.

“ Pure are my hands from blood : most pure  
this heart in my bosom.

Yet one fault I remember this day ; one word  
have I spoken ;

Rashly I spoke on the shore, and I dread lest  
the sea should have heard it.

Watching my child at her bath, as she plunged  
in the joy of her girlhood,

5 Fairer I called her in pride than Atergati,  
queen of the ocean.

Judge ye if this be my sin, for I know none  
other.” She ended ;

Wrapping her head in her mantle she stood,  
and the people were silent.

Answered the dark-browed priests, “ No word,  
once spoken, returneth,

Even if uttered unwitting. Shall gods excuse  
our rashness ?

10 That which is done, that abides ; and the wrath  
of the sea is against us ;

Hers, and the wrath of her brother, the Sun-god,  
lord of the sheepfolds.

Fairer than her hast thou boasted thy daughter ?  
Ah folly ! for hateful,

Hateful are they to the gods, whoso, impious,  
liken a mortal,

Fair though he be, to their glory ; and hateful  
is that which is likened,

15 Grieving the eyes of their pride, and abominate,  
doomed to their anger.

What shall be likened to gods? The unknown,  
    who deep in the darkness

Ever abide, twyformed, many-handed, terrible,  
    shapeless.

Woe to the queen; for the land is defiled, and  
    the people accursed.

Take thou her therefore by night, thou ill-  
    starred Cassiopœia,

Take her with us in the night, when the moon 5  
    sinks low to the westward;

Bind her aloft for a victim, a prey for the  
    gorge of the monster,

Far on the sea-girt rock, which is washed by  
    the surges for ever;

So may the goddess accept her, and so may  
    the land make atonement,

Purged by her blood from its sin: so obey  
    thou the doom of the rulers."

Bitter in soul they went out, Cepheus and 10  
    Cassiopœia,

Bitter in soul; and their hearts whirled round,  
    as the leaves in the eddy.

Weak was the queen, and rebelled: but the  
    king, like a shepherd of people,

Willed not the land should waste; so he  
    yielded the life of his daughter.

Deep in the wane of the night, as the moon  
    sank low to the westward,

They by the shade of the cliffs, with the horror 15  
    of darkness around them,

Stole, as ashamed, to a deed which became not  
the light of the sunshine,  
Slowly, the priests, and the queen, and the  
virgin bound in the galley,  
Slowly they rowed to the rocks: but Cepheus  
far in the palace  
Sate in the midst of the hall, on his throne,  
like a shepherd of people,  
5 Choking his woe, dry-eyed, while the slaves  
wailed loudly around him.  
They on the sea-girt rock, which is washed by  
the surges for ever,  
Set her in silence, the guiltless, aloft with her  
face to the eastward.  
Under a crag of the stone, where a ledge  
sloped down to the water;  
There they set Andromeden, most beautiful,  
shaped like a goddess,  
10 Lifting her long white arms wide-spread to the  
walls of the basalt,  
Chaining them, ruthless, with brass; and they  
called on the might of the Rulers.  
"Mystical fish of the seas, dread Queen whom  
Æthiops honour,  
Whelming the land in thy wrath, unavoidable,  
sharp as the sting-ray,  
Thou, and thy brother the Sun, brain-smiting,  
lord of the sheepfold,  
15 Scorching the earth all day, and then resting  
at night in thy bosom,

Take ye this one life for many, appeased by  
the blood of a maiden,

Fairest, and born of the fairest, a queen, most  
priceless of victims."

Thrice they spat as they went by the maid :  
but her mother delaying

Fondled her child to the last, heart-crushed ;  
and the warmth of her weeping

Fell on the breast of the maid, as her woes  
broke forth into wailing.

" Daughter ! my daughter ! forgive me ! Oh  
curse not the murderer ! Curse not !

How have I sinned, but in love ? Do the gods  
grudge glory to mothers ?

Loving I bore thee in vain in the fate-cursed  
bride-bed of Cepheus,

Loving I fed thee and tended, and loving  
rejoiced in thy beauty,

Blessing thy limbs as I bathed them, and <sup>10</sup>  
blessing thy locks as I combed them ;

Decking thee ripening to woman, I blest thee :  
yet blessing I slew thee !

How have I sinned, but in love ? Oh swear to  
me, swear to thy mother,

Never to haunt me with curse, as I go to the  
grave in my sorrow,

Childless and lone : may the gods never send  
me another, to slay it !

See, I embrace thy knees—soft knees, where no <sup>15</sup>  
babe will be fondled

Swear to me never to curse me, the hapless  
one, not in the death-pang."

Weeping she clung to the knees of the  
maid; and the maid low answered—

"Curse thee! Not in the death-pang!" The  
heart of the lady was lightened.

Slowly she went by the ledge; and the maid  
was alone in the darkness.

5 Watching the pulse of the oars die down, as  
her own died with them,

Tearless, dumb with amaze she stood, as a  
storm-stunned nestling

Falling from bough or from eave lies dumb,  
which the home-going herdsman

Fancies a stone, till he catches the light of its  
terrified eyeball.

So through the long long hours the maid stood  
helpless and hopeless,

10 Wide-eyed, downward gazing in vain at the  
black blank darkness.

Feebly at last she began, while wild thoughts  
bubbled within her—

"Guiltless I am: why thus, then? Are gods  
more ruthless than mortals?

Have they no mercy for youth? no love for the  
souls who have loved them?

Even as I loved thee, dread sea, as I played  
by thy margin,

15 Blessing thy wave as it cooled me, thy wind as  
it breathed on my forehead,

Bowing my head to thy tempest, and opening  
my heart to thy children,  
Silvery fish, wreathed shell, and the strange  
lithe things of the water,  
Tenderly casting them back, as they gasped on  
the beach in the sunshine,  
Home to their mother—in vain ! for mine sits  
childless in anguish !

O false sea ! false sea ! I dreamed what I 5  
dreamed of thy goodness ;  
Dreamed of a smile in thy gleam, of a laugh  
in the splash of thy ripple :  
False and devouring thou art, and the great  
world dark and despiteful."

Awed by her own rash words she was still :  
and her eyes to the seaward  
Looked for an answer of wrath : far off, in the  
heart of the darkness,  
Bright white mists rose slowly ; beneath them to  
the wandering ocean  
Glimmered and glowed to the deepest abyss ;  
and the knees of the maiden  
Trembled and sunk in her fear, as afar, like a  
dawn in the midnight,  
Rose from their seaweed chamber the choir of  
the mystical sea-maids.  
Onward toward her they came, and her heart  
beat loud at their coming,  
Watching the bliss of the gods, as they wakened 15  
the cliffs with their laughter.

Onward they came in their joy, and before  
them the roll of the surges

Sank, as the breeze sank dead, into smooth  
green foam-flecked marble,

Awed; and the crags of the cliff, and the pines  
of the mountain were silent.

Onward they came in their joy, and around  
them the lamps of the sea-nymphs,

5 Myriad fiery globes, swam panting and heaving;  
and rainbows

Crimson and azure and emerald, were broken  
in star-showers, lighting

Far through the wine-dark depths of the crystal,  
the gardens of Nereus,

Coral and sea-fan and tangle, the blooms and  
the palms of the ocean.

Onward they came in their joy, more white  
than the foam which they scattered,

10 Laughing and singing, and tossing and twining,  
while eager, the Tritons

Blinded with kisses their eyes, unreproved, and  
above them in worship

Hovered the terns, and the seagulls swept past  
them on silvery pinions

Echoing softly their laughter; around them the  
wantonizing dolphins

Sighed as they plunged, full of love; and the  
great sea-horses which bore them

15 Curved up their crests in their pride to the  
delicate arms of the maidens,

Pawing the spray into gems, till a fiery rainfall,  
unharming,  
Sparkled and gleamed on the limbs of the  
nymphs, and the coils of the mermen.  
Onward they went in their joy, bathed round  
with the fiery coolness,  
Needing nor sun nor moon, self-lighted, immor-  
tal: but others,  
Pitiful, floated in silence apart; in their bosoms 5  
the sea-boys,  
Slain by the wrath of the seas, swept down by  
the anger of Nereus;  
Hapless, whom never again on strand or on  
quay shall their mothers  
Welcome with garlands and vows to the temple,  
but wearily pining  
Gaze over island and bay for the sails of the  
sunken; they heedless  
Sleep in soft bosoms for ever, and dream of the 10  
surge and the sea-maids.  
Onward they passed in their joy; on their  
brows neither sorrow nor anger;  
Self-sufficing, as gods, never heeding the woe of  
the maiden.  
She would have shrieked for their mercy: but  
shame made her dumb; and their eyeballs  
Stared on her careless and still, like the eyes  
in the house of the idols.  
Seeing they saw not, and passed, like a dream, 15  
on the murmuring ripple.

Stunned by the wonder she gazed, wide-eyed,  
as the glory departed.

“O fair shapes! far fairer than I! Too fair to  
be ruthless!

Gladden mine eyes once more with your  
splendour, unlike to my fancies;

You, then, smiled in the sea-gleam, and laughed  
in the splash of the ripple.

5 Awful I deemed you and formless; inhuman,  
monstrous as idols;

Lo, when ye came, ye were women, more loving  
and lovelier, only;

Like in all else; and I blest you: why blest  
ye not me for my worship?

Had you no mercy for me, thus guiltless? Ye  
pitied the sea-boys:

Why not me, then, more hapless by far? Does  
your sight and your knowledge

10 End with the marge of the waves? Is the  
world which ye dwell in not our world?”

Over the mountain aloft ran a rush and a  
roll and a roaring;

Downward the breeze came indignant, and leapt  
with a howl to the water,

Roaring in cranny and crag, till the pillars and  
clefts of the basalt

15 Rang like a god-swept lyre, and her brain grew  
mad with the noises;

Crashing and lapping of waters, and sighing  
and tossing of weed-beds,

Gurgle and whisper and hiss of the foam, while  
thundering surges

Boomed in the wave-worn halls, as they champed  
at the roots of the mountain.

Hour after hour in the darkness the wind  
rushed fierce to the landward,

Drenching the maiden with spray ; she shivering, 5  
weary and drooping,

Stood with her heart full of thoughts, till the  
foam-crests gleamed in the twilight,

Leaping and laughing around, and the east grew  
red with the dawning.

Then on the ridge of the hills rose the broad  
bright sun in his glory,

Hurling his arrows abroad on the glittering  
crests of the surges,

Gilding the soft round bosoms of wood, and the 10  
downs of the coastland ;

Gilding the weeds at her feet, and the foam-  
laced teeth of the ledges,

Showing the maiden her home through the veil  
of her locks, as they floated

Glistening, damp with the spray, in a long black  
cloud to the landward.

High in the far-off glens rose thin blue curls  
from the homesteads ;

Softly the low of the herds, and the pipe of 15  
the outgoing herdsman,

Slid to her ear on the water, and melted her heart into weeping.

Shuddering, she tried to forget them ; and straining her eyes to the seaward,

Watched for her doom, as she wailed, but in vain, to the terrible Sun-god.

“ Dost thou not pity me, Sun, though thy wild dark sister be ruthless ;

5 Dost thou not pity me here as thou seest me desolate, weary,

Sickened with shame and despair, like a kid torn young from its mother ?

What if my beauty insult thee, then blight it : but me—Oh spare me !

Spare me yet, ere he be here, fierce, tearing, unbearable ! See me,

See me, how tender and soft, and thus helpless ! See how I shudder,

10 Fancying only my doom. Wilt thou shine thus bright, when it takes me ?

Are there no deaths save this, great Sun ? No fiery arrow,

Lightning, or deep-mouthed wave ? Why thus ? What music in shrieking,

Pleasure in warm live limbs torn slowly ? And dar'st thou behold them !

Oh, thou hast watched worse deeds ! All sights are alike to thy brightness !

15 What if thou waken the birds to their song, dost thou waken no sorrow ;

Waken no sick to their pain; no captive to wrench at his fetters?

Smile on the garden and fold, and on maidens who sing at the milking;

Flash into tapestried chambers, and peep in the eyelids of lovers,

Showing the blissful their bliss—Dost love, then, the place where thou smilest?

Lovest thou cities aflame, fierce blows, and the shrieks of the widow?

Lovest thou corpse-strewn fields, as thou lightest the path of the vulture?

Lovest thou these, that thou gazest so gay on my tears, and my mother's,

Laughing alike at the horror of one, and the bliss of another?

What dost thou care, in thy sky, for the joys and the sorrows of mortals?

Colder art thou than the nymphs: in thy broad bright eye is no seeing.

Hadst thou a soul—as much soul as the slaves in the house of my father,

Wouldst thou not save? Poor thralls! they pitied me, clung to me weeping,

Kissing my hands and my feet—What, are gods more ruthless than mortals?

Worse than the souls which they rule? Let me die: they war not with ashes!"

Sudden she ceased, with a shriek: in the spray, like a hovering foam-bow,

Hung, more fair than the foam-bow, a boy in  
the bloom of his manhood,  
Golden - haired, ivory - limbed, ambrosial ; over  
his shoulder  
Hung for a veil of his beauty the gold-fringed  
folds of the goat-skin,  
Bearing the brass of his shield, as the sun  
flashed clear on its clearness.  
5 Curved on his thigh lay a falchion, and under  
the gleam of his helmet  
Eyes more blue than the main shone awful ;  
around him Athené  
Shed in her love such grace, such state, and  
terrible daring.  
Hovering over the water he came, upon glittering  
pinions,  
Living, a wonder, outgrown from the tight-laced  
gold of his sandals ;  
10 Bounding from billow to billow, and sweeping  
the crests like a sea-gull ;  
Leaping the gulfs of the surge, as he laughed  
in the joy of his leaping.  
Fair and majestic he sprang to the rock ; and  
the maiden in wonder  
Gazed for a while, and then hid in the dark-  
rolling wave of her tresses,  
Fearful, the light of her eyes ; while the boy  
(for her sorrow had awed him)  
15 Blushed at her blushes, and vanished, like mist  
on the cliffs at the sunrise.

Fearful at length she looked forth: he was  
gone: she, wild with amazement,  
Wailed for her mother aloud: but the wail of  
the wind only answered.  
Sudden he flashed into sight, by her side; in  
his pity and anger  
Moist were his eyes; and his breath like a rose-  
bed, as bolder and bolder,  
Hovering under her brows, like a swallow that 5  
haunts by the house-eaves,  
Delicate-handed, he lifted the veil of her hair;  
while the maiden  
Motionless, frozen with fear, wept loud; till his  
lips unclosing  
Poured from their pearl-strung portal the musical  
wave of his wonder.  
“ Ah, well spoke she, the wise one, the gray-  
eyed Pallas Athené,—  
Known to Immortals alone are the prizes which 10  
lie for the heroes  
Ready prepared at their feet; for requiring a  
little, the rulers  
Pay back the loan tenfold to the man who,  
careless of pleasure,  
Thirsting for honour and toil, fares forth on a  
perilous errand  
Led by the guiding of gods, and strong in the  
strength of Immortals.  
Thus have they led me to thee: from afar, 15  
unknowing, I marked thee,

Shining, a snow-white cross on the dark-green  
walls of the sea-cliff;  
Carven in marble I deemed thee, a perfect work  
of the craftsman.  
Likeness of Amphitrité, or far-famed Queen  
Cycthereia.  
Curious I came, till I saw how thy tresses  
streamed in the sea-wind,  
5 Glistening, black as the night, and thy lips  
moved slow in thy wailing.  
Speak again now—O speak! For my soul is  
stirred to avenge thee;  
Tell me what barbarous horde, without law,  
unrighteous and heartless,  
Hateful to gods and to men, thus have bound  
thee, a shame to the sunlight,  
Scorn and prize to the sailor: but my prize  
now; for a coward,  
10 Coward and shameless were he, who so finding  
a glorious jewel  
Cast on the wayside by fools, would not win it  
and keep it and wear it,  
Even as I will thee; for I swear by the head  
of my father,  
Bearing thee over the sea-wave, to wed thee in  
Argos the fruitful,  
Beautiful, meed of my toil no less than this  
head which I carry,  
15 Hidden here fearful—O speak!"

But the maid, still dumb with amazement,  
Watered her bosom with weeping, and longed for her home and her mother.  
Beautiful, eager, he wooed her, and kissed off her tears as he hovered,  
Roving at will, as a bee, on the brows of a rock nymph-haunted,  
Garlanded over with vine, and acanthus, and 5 clambering roses,  
Cool in the fierce still noon, where streams glance clear in the mossbeds,  
Hums on from blossom to blossom, and mingles the sweets as he tastes them.  
Beautiful, eager, he kissed her, and clasped her yet closer and closer,  
Praying her still to speak—  
“ Not cruel nor rough did my mother Bear me to broad-browed Zeus in the depths of 10 the brass-covered dungeon ;  
Neither in vain, as I think, have I talked with the cunning of Hermes,  
Face unto face, as a friend ; or from gray-eyed Pallas Athené  
Learnt what is fit, and respecting myself, to respect in my dealings  
Those whom the gods should love ; so fear not ; to chaste espousals  
Only I woo thee, and swear, that a queen, and 15 alone without rival

By me thou sittest in Argos of Hellas, throne  
of my fathers,

Worshipped by fair-haired kings: why callest  
thou still on thy mother?

Why did she leave thee thus here? For no  
foeman has bound thee; no foeman

Winning with strokes of the sword such a prize,  
would so leave it behind him."

5 Just as at first some colt, wild-eyed, with  
quivering nostril,

Plunges in fear of the curb, and the fluttering  
robes of the rider;

Soon, grown bold by despair, submits to the  
will of his master,

Tamer and tamer each hour, and at last, in the  
pride of obedience,

Answers the heel with a curvet, and arches his  
neck to be fondled,

10 Cowed by the need that maid grew tame;  
while the hero indignant

Tore at the fetters which held her; the brass,  
too cunningly tempered,

Held to the rock by the nails, deep wedged:  
till the boy, red with anger,

Drew from his ivory thigh, keen flashing, a  
falchion of diamond—

"Now let the work of the smith try strength  
with the arms of Immortals!"

15 Dazzling it fell; and the blade, as the vine-hook  
shears off the vine-bough,

Carved through the strength of the brass, till  
her arms fell soft on his shoulder.

Once she essayed to escape: but the ring of  
the water was round her,

Round her the ring of his arms; and despairing  
she sank on his bosom.

Then, like a fawn when startled, she looked  
with a shriek to the seaward.

“Touch me not, wretch that I am! For 5  
accursed, a shame and a hissing,

Guiltless, accursed no less, I await the revenge  
of the sea-gods.

Yonder it comes! Ah go! Let me perish  
unseen, if I perish!

Spare me the shame of thine eyes, when  
merciless fangs must tear me

Piecemeal! Enough to endure by myself in the  
light of the sunshine

Guiltless, the death of a kid!” 10

But the boy still lingered around her,  
Loth, like a boy, to forego her, and waken the  
cliffs with his laughter.

“Yon is the foe, then? A beast of the sea?  
I had deemed him immortal.

Titan, or Proteus' self, or Nereus, foeman of  
sailors:

Yet would I fight with them all, but Poseidon,  
shaker of mountains,

Uncle of mine, whom I fear, as is fit; for he 15  
haunts on Olympus,

Holding the third of the world ; and the gods  
all rise at his coming.

Unto none else will I yield, god-helped : how  
then to a monster,

Child of the earth and of night, unreasoning,  
shapeless, accursed ? ”

“ Art thou, too, then a god ? ”

“ No god I,” smiling he answered ;  
5 “ Mortal as thou, yet divine : but mortal the  
herds of the ocean,

Equal to men in that only, and less in all else ;  
for they nourish

Blindly the life of the lips, untaught by the  
gods, without wisdom :

Shame if I fled before such ! ”

In her heart new life was enkindled,  
10 Worship and trust, fair parents of love : but  
she answered him sighing.

“ Beautiful, why wilt thou die ? Is the light  
of the sun, then, so worthless,

Worthless to sport with thy fellows in flowery  
glades of the forest,

Under the broad green oaks, where never again  
shall I wander,

Tossing the ball with my maidens, or wreathing  
the altar in garlands,

15 Careless, with dances and songs, till the glens  
rang loud to our laughter.

Too full of death the sad earth is already: the  
halls full of weepers,  
Quarried by tombs all cliffs, and the bones  
gleam white on the sea-floor,  
Numberless, gnawn by the herds who attend on  
the pitiless sea-gods,  
Even as mine will be soon: and yet noble it  
seems to me, dying,  
Giving my life for a people, to save to the arms 5  
of their lovers  
Maidens and youths for a while: thee, fairest  
of all, shall I slay thee?  
Add not thy bones to the many, thus angering  
idly the dread ones!  
Either the monster will crush, or the sea-queen's  
self overwhelm thee,  
Vengeful, in tempest and foam, and the thun-  
dering walls of the surges.  
Why wilt thou follow me down? can we love 10  
in the black blank darkness?  
Love in the realms of the dead, in the land  
where all is forgotten?  
Why wilt thou follow me down? is it joy, on  
the desolate oozes,  
Meagre to flit, gray ghosts in the depths of the  
gray salt water?  
Beautiful! why wilt thou die, and defraud fair  
girls of thy manhood?  
Surely one waits for thee longing, afar in the 15  
isles of the ocean.

Go thy way ; I mine ; for the gods grudge  
pleasure to mortals."

Sobbing she ended her moan, as her neck,  
like a storm-bent lily,

Drooped with the weight of her woe, and her  
limbs sank, weary with watching,

Soft on the hard-ledged rock : but the boy,  
with his eye on the monster,

5 Clasped her, and stood, like a god ; and his  
lips curved proud as he answered—

"Great are the pitiless sea-gods : but greater  
the Lords of Olympus ;

Greater the *Ægis*-wielder, and greater is she  
who attends him.

Clear-eyed Justice her name is, the counsellor,  
loved of Athené ;

Helper of heroes, who dare, in the god-given  
m might of their manhood,

10 Greatly to do and to suffer, and far in the fens  
and the forests

Smite the devourers of men, Heaven-hated,  
brood of the giants,

Twyformed, strange, without like, who obey  
not the golden haired Rulers.

Vainly rebelling they rage, till they die by the  
swords of the heroes,

Even as this must die ; for I burn with the  
wrath of my father,

15 Wandering, led by Athené ; and dare whatso-  
ever betides me.

Led by Athené I won from the gray-haired  
terrible sisters  
Secrets hidden from men, when I found them  
asleep on the sand-hills,  
Keeping their eye and their tooth, till they  
showed me the perilous pathway  
Over the waterless ocean, the valley that led to  
the Gorgon.  
Her too I slew in my craft, Medusa, the 5  
beautiful horror;  
Taught by Athené I slew her, and saw not  
herself, but her image,  
Watching the mirror of brass, in the shield  
which a goddess had lent me.  
Cleaving her brass-scaled throat, as she lay with  
her adders around her,  
Fearless I bore off her head, in the folds of the  
mystical goat-skin  
Hide of Amaltheié, fair nurse of the *Ægis*-<sup>10</sup>  
wielder.  
Hither I bear it, a gift to the gods, and a  
death to my foemen,  
Freezing the seer to stone; so hide thine eyes  
from the horror.  
Kiss me but once, and I go."

Then lifting her neck, like a sea-bird  
Peering up over the wave, from the foam-white  
swells of her bosom,  
Blushing she kissed him: afar, on the topmost<sup>15</sup>  
Idalian<sup>1</sup> summit

Laughed in the joy of her heart, far-seeing, the queen Aphrodité.

Loosing his arms from her waist he flew upward, awaiting the sea-beast.

Onward it came from the southward, as bulky and black as a galley,

Lazily coasting along, as the fish fled leaping before it;

5 Lazily breasting the ripple, and watching by sandbar and headland,

Listening for laughter of maidens at bleaching, or song of the fisher,

Children at play on the pebbles, or cattle that pawed on the sand-hills.

Rolling and dripping it came, where bedded in glistening purple

Cold on the cold sea-weeds lay the long white sides of the maiden,

10 Trembling, her face in her hands, and her tresses afloat on the water.

As when an osprey aloft, dark - eyebrowed, royally crested,

Flags on by creek and by cove, and in scorn of the anger of Nereus

Ranges, the king of the shore; if he see on a glittering shallow,

Chasing the bass and the mullet, the fin of a wallowing dolphin,

15 Halting, he wheels round slowly, in doubt at the weight of his quarry,

Whether to clutch it alive, or to fall on the  
wretch like a plummet,

Stunning with terrible talon the life of the brain  
in the hindhead :

Then rushes up with a scream, and stooping  
the wrath of his eyebrows

Falls from the sky, like a star, while the wind  
rattles hoarse in his pinions.

Over him closes the foam for a moment; and 5  
then from the sand-bed

Rolls up the great fish, dead, and his side  
gleams white in the sunshine.

Thus fell the boy on the beast, unveiling the  
face of the Gorgon;

Thus fell the boy on the beast; thus rolled up  
the beast in his horror,

Once, as the dead eyes glared into his; then  
his sides, death-sharpened,

Stiffened and stood, brown rock, in the wash 10  
of the wandering water.

Beautiful, eager, triumphant, he leapt back  
again to his treasure;

Leapt back again, full blest, toward arms spread  
wide to receive him.

Brimful of honour he clasped her, and brimful  
of love she caressed him,

Answering lip with lip; while above them the  
queen Aphrodité

Poured on their foreheads and limbs, unseen, 15  
ambrosial odours,

Givers of longing, and rapture, and chaste content in espousals.

Happy whom ere they be wedded anoints she, the Queen Aphrodité !

Laughing she called to her sister, the chaste Tritonid Athené,

“ Seest thou yonder thy pupil, thou maid of the Aegis-wielder ?

5 How he has turned himself wholly to love, and caresses a damsel,

Dreaming no longer of honour, or danger, or Pallas Athené ?

Sweeter, it seems, to the young my gifts are ; so yield me the stripling ;

Yield him me now, lest he die in his prime, like hapless Adonis.”

Smiling she answered in turn, that chaste Tritonid Athené :

10 “ Dear unto me, no less than to thee, is the wedlock of heroes ;

Dear, who can worthily win him a wife not unworthy ; and noble,

Pure with the pure to beget brave children, the like of their father.

Happy, who thus stands linked to the heroes who were, and who shall be ;

Girdled with holiest awe, not sparing of self ; for his mother

15 Watches his steps with the eyes of the gods ; and his wife and his children

Move him to plan and to do in the farm and  
the camp and the council.

Thence comes weal to a nation: but woe upon  
woe, when the people

Mingle in love at their will, like the brutes,  
not heeding the future."

Then from her gold-strung loom, where she  
wrought in her chamber of cedar,

Awful and fair she arose; and she went by 5  
the glens of Olympus;

Went by the isles of the sea, and the wind  
never ruffled her mantle;

Went by the water of Crete, and the black-  
beaked fleets of the Phœnics;

Came to the sea-girt rock which is washed by  
the surges for ever,

Bearing the wealth of the gods, for a gift to  
the bride of a hero.

There she met Andromeden and Persea, shaped 10  
like Immortals;

Solemn and sweet was her smile, while their  
hearts beat loud at her coming;

Solemn and sweet was her smile, as she spoke  
to the pair in her wisdom.

"Three things hold we, the Rulers, who sit  
by the founts of Olympus,

Wisdom, and prowess, and beauty; and freely  
we pour them on mortals;

Pleased at our image in man, as a father at 15  
his in his children.

One thing only we grudge to mankind: when  
a hero, unthankful,  
Boasts of our gifts as his own, stiffnecked, and  
dishonours the givers,  
Turning our weapons against us. Him Até  
follows avenging;  
Slowly she tracks him and sure, as a lyme-  
hound; sudden she grips him,  
5 Crushing him, blind in his pride, for a sign and  
a terror to folly.  
This we avenge, as is fit; in all else never  
weary of giving.  
Come, then, damsel, and know if the gods  
grudge pleasure to mortals."  
Loving and gentle she spoke: but the maid  
stood in awe, as the goddess  
Plaited with soft swift finger her tresses, and  
decked her in jewels,  
10 Armlet and anklet and earbell; and over her  
shoulders a necklace,  
Heavy, enamelled, the flower of the gold and  
the brass of the mountain.  
Trembling with joy she gazed, so well Hæphaistos  
had made it,  
Deep in the forges of Aetna, while Charis his  
lady beside him  
Mingled her grace in his craft, as he wrought  
for his sister Athené.  
15 Then on the brows of the maiden a veil bound  
Pallas Athené;

Ample it fell to her feet, deep-fringed, a wonder  
of weaving.

Ages and ages agone it was wrought on the  
heights of Olympus,

Wrought in the gold-strung loom, by the finger  
of cunning Athené.

In it she wove all creatures that teem in the  
womb of the ocean;

Nereid, siren, and triton, and dolphin, and 5  
arrowy fishes

Glittering round, many-hued, on the flame-red  
folds of the mantle.

In it she wove, too, a town where gray-haired  
kings sat in judgment;

Sceptre in hand in the market they sat, doing  
right by the people,

Wise: while above watched Justice, and near,  
far-seeing Apollo.

Round it she wove for a fringe all herbs of the 10  
earth and the water,

Violet, asphodel, ivy, and vine-leaves, roses and  
lilies,

Coral and sea-fan and tangle, the blooms and  
the palms of the ocean:

Now from Olympus she bore it, a dower to the  
bride of a hero.

Over the limbs of the damsel she wrapt it:  
the maid still trembled,

Shading her face with her hands; for the eyes 15  
of the goddess were awful.

Then, as a pine upon Ida when southwest  
winds blow landward,  
Stately she bent to the damsel, and breathed  
on her: under her breathing  
Taller and fairer she grew; and the goddess  
spoke in her wisdom.  
"Courage I give thee; the heart of a queen,  
and the mind of Immortals;  
5 Godlike to talk with the gods, and to look on  
their eyes unshrinking;  
Fearing the sun and the stars no more, and the  
blue salt water;  
Fearing us only, the lords of Olympus, friends  
of the heroes;  
Chastely and wisely to govern thyself and thy  
house and thy people,  
Bearing a godlike race to thy spouse, till dying  
I set thee  
10 High for a star in the heavens, a sign and a  
hope to the seamen,  
Spreading thy long white arms all night in the  
heights of the æther,  
Hard by thy sire and the hero thy spouse,  
while near thee thy mother  
Sits in her ivory chair, as she plaits ambrosial  
tresses.  
All night long thou wilt shine; all day thou  
wilt feast on Olympus,  
15 Happy, the guest of the gods, by thy husband,  
the god-begotten."

Blissful, they turned them to go: but the  
fair-tressed Pallas Athené  
Rose, like a pillar of tall white cloud, toward  
silver Olympus;  
Far above ocean and shore, and the peaks of  
the isles and the mainland;  
Where no frost nor storm is, in clear blue  
windless abysses,  
High in the home of the summer, the seats of 5  
the happy Immortals,  
Shrouded in keen deep blaze, unapproachable;  
there ever youthful  
Hebé, Harmonié, and the daughter of Jove,  
Aphrodité,  
Whirled in the white-linked dance with the  
gold-crowned Hours and the Graces,  
Hand within hand, while clear piped Phœbe,  
queen of the woodlands.  
All day long they rejoiced: but Athené still in 10  
her chamber  
Bent herself over her loom, as the stars rang  
loud to her singing,  
Chanting of order and right, and of foresight,  
warden of nations;  
Chanting of labour and craft, and of wealth in  
the port and the garner;  
Chanting of valour and fame, and the man who  
can fall with the foremost,  
Fighting for children and wife, and the field 15  
which his father bequeathed him.

Sweetly and solemnly sang she, and planned  
new lessons for mortals :

Happy, who hearing obey her, the wise unsullied  
Athené.

## NOTE ON METRE

THE *Andromeda* is written in hexameter verse, that is to say, in lines each containing six feet—in imitation of the Greek and Latin hexameter verse of Homer and Virgil. The feet are *dactyls* (one long syllable followed by two short syllables, — — —), and *spondees* (two long syllables, — —), the sixth foot is sometimes a *trochee* (— —).

Let us take the two lines from Matthew Arnold's version of the parting of Hector and Andromache in the sixth book of the *Iliad*, which P. S. Worsley, the translator of the *Odyssey*, held to be the two best and most Homeric hexameters he had seen, and mark the feet.

But let | me lie | dead, with the | dark earth | mounded a | bove me, |  
I 2 3 4 5 6

Ere I | hear thy | cries and | thy cap | tivity | told of |  
I 2 3 4 5 6

Let us also mark the other two lines which Worsley commends for their metrical beauty; the first from one of Dr. Hawtrey's versions of Homer:

Clearly the | rest I be | hold of the | dark-eyed | sons of A | chaia  
I 2 3 4 5 6

and the line from the *Andromeda*:

As when an | osprey a | loft dark- | eyebrowed, | royally | crested  
I 2 3 4 5 6

"These four verses," as Worsley remarks, "are perfectly rhythmical, both to the scholar and to the unlearned reader."

It will be noticed that in all these four lines the fourth foot is 'unmistakably spondaic.' "Here arises," the same writer continues, "a striking contrast between the fourth and fifth feet: and on the skill with which this contrast is brought out the beauty of an English hexameter would seem mainly to depend."<sup>1</sup>

The best known poems written in English in this metre are, besides *Andromeda*, *The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich* (*a Long-Vacation Pastoral*) and *Amours de Voyage*, by A. H. Clough, and *Evangeline*, by H. W. Longfellow.

<sup>1</sup> The *Odyssey* of Homer, translated pages viii. foll. 2nd Edition, 1868.

## GLOSSARY

The first number gives the page, the second the line of the page, on which the word occurs.

**abominate** (52. 15), *adj.* detested, held in hatred.

**abyss** (50. 13, 81. 4), a bottomless gulf or chasm ; in *pl.* = deeps.

**acanthus** (67. 5), a plant with fine (prickly) leaves.

**accursed** (36. 3), put under a curse—doomed.

**aether** (80. 11), the upper air.

**afame** (63. 5), on fire, blazing.

**ambrosial** (51. 10, 75. 15, 80. 13), having the quality of immortal loveliness produced by ambrosia, the fabled food of the gods ; almost = divine.

**anguish** (57. 4), great pain (of mind or body).

**anklet** (78. 10), an ornament for the ankle.

**appease** (55. 1), bring to peace, quiet, satisfy.

**aspodel** (79. 11), a flower of the lily family. Elysium, the abode of the good in the lower world, is represented as having meadows of asphodel, cf. Tennyson, *Lotos Eaters* (viii. ll. 25, 6) :

“Others in Elysian valleys dwell,

Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel.”

**asp** (29. 24), a small but very venomous serpent.

**atonement** (53. 8), reparation, expiation ; to at-one is to reconcile : so atonement is reconciliation.

**azure** (58. 6), dark blue, the colour of the sky.

**basalt** (54. 10, 60. 3), a hard dark-coloured rock.

**bass** (74. 14), a fish like the perch, but marine.

**beget** (76. 12), to be the father of.

**bequeath** (81. 15), to leave by will.

**bestower** (49. 6), one who gives.

**betide** (72. 15), befall, happen to.

**bleaching** (74. 6), making white.

**caress** (75. 13), *vb.* embrace, fondle.

**conchs** (22. 26), shells.

**condescension** (15. 29), graciousness to one of lower rank.

**corpse-strewn** (63. 6), covered with dead bodies.

**craftsman** (66. 2), clever workman.

**cranny** (60. 13), a chink or little hollow.

**cuirass** (46. 17), a breast-plate of leather.

**cunning** (67. 11), *noun*, skill; the word *cunning* originally had a good meaning. So in the Psalms (137, v. 5): “If I forget thee, O Jerusalem: let my right hand forget her *cunning*.” (51. 3), *adj.* skillful. In 67. 11 the *cunning* of Hermes = the *cunning* of Hermes.

**cunningly** (14. 11, 33. 5, 68. 11), cleverly.

**curious** (66. 4), desirous of ascertaining the truth about a thing.

**curvet** (68. 9), a leaping, frisking.

**cymbals** (39. 27). A cymbal was a musical instrument like a basin. They were used in pairs, and were clashed together; they were made of brass.

**dainties** (50. 14), a dainty is that which is delicate.

**death-sharpened** (75. 9), made sharp in death, becoming rigid in death.

**defraud** (71. 14), to cheat.

**delicate-handed** (65. 6), having soft white hands, with light touch.

**deluge** (50. 12), *noun*, flood.

**despiteful** (57. 7), full of spite, malicious, envious of happiness.

**diamond** (68. 13), the most valuable of all gems—and the hardest of substances (altered from adamant).

**dolphin** (74. 14), a large fish akin to the whale. In the story of Arion a dolphin is represented as carrying that famous musician on his back.

**dungeon** (67. 10), a prison.

**eddy** (53. 11), a little whirlpool.

**emerald** (58. 6), a precious stone green in colour.

**enamelled** (78. 11), enamel is a substance like glass which is melted and used for inlaying jewellery, etc.—as a verb it means to coat or paint with enamel, to give a glossy surface to.

**ere** (76. 2), before.

**espousals** (67. 14, 76. 1), marriage.

**essayed** (69. 2), tried.

**falchion** (64. 5, 68. 13), a sickle-shaped sword—often merely means a sword in poetry.

**fancying** (62. 10), supposing.

**fare** (65. 13), go (cf. seafaring, wayfaring).

**fate-cursed** (55. 8), fate = (literally) the spoken word—doom, or lot which cannot be avoided.

**fen** (72. 10), marsh.

**flags** (74. 12), either (1) flies with a sweeping movement, or (2) flies without soaring. It is generally used of a bird flying unsteadily near the ground.

**foam-flecked** (58. 2), spotted or streaked with foam.

**foam-laced** (61. 11), streaked with foam.

**foundling** (12. 30), an orphan of unknown parentage.

**frieze** (4. 23), rough woollen cloth.

**galley** (38. 25, 54. 2), a long, narrow boat worked by oars.

**god-begotten** (80. 15), having a god for his father.

**gorge** (53. 6), throat; used also of a narrow passage between cliffs.

**govern** (80. 8), to rule—properly used of steering a boat or a ship—(so that governor = pilot).

**hapless** (76. 8), unfortunate.  
**haunt** (65. 5), to frequent, visit often.

**hell** (9. 4), the place of departed spirits, in Greek, Hades. (The place of the good is called Elysium, of the wicked Tartarus).

**hindhead** (75. 2), the back of the head. An old word revived by Kingsley.

**horde** (66. 7), a mob or large body of men without order.

**horror** (53. 15, 63. 8), that which awakens great fear, and also the fear itself, dread.

**illstarred** (53. 4), unlucky.  
**immortal** (59. 4), not subject to death.

**indignant** (60. 12, 68. 10), angry, usually with good cause.

**insult** (62. 7), literally to leap upon—to treat with contempt.

**ivory-limbed** (64. 2), white-limbed.

**lithe** (57. 2), active, lissome.

**lymehound** (78. 4), (Middle English *liam*, a leash, akin to French *lien*, a band). A dog held in with a leash, like a greyhound in the slip. Shakespeare, *King Lear* iii. 6. 72, mentions 'lym' in Edgar's list of dogs. See note in Mr. A. W. Verity's edition of *King Lear*; Cambridge University Press (1899).

**meagre** (71. 13), thin.  
**meed** (66. 14), reward.

**merman** (59. 2), a fabled creature of the sea, having the upper part like a man and the lower like a fish; the feminine is mermaid.

**millet** (33. 1), a kind of grain.

**mirror** (73. 7), looking-glass.

**mullet** (74. 14), a kind of fish much valued for food.

**myriad** (58. 5), countless.

**mystical** (50. 15, 57. 13), whom secrecy or mystery surrounds; worshipped with mystery; or, perhaps, having a secret or hidden meaning.

**nereid** (79. 5), a daughter of the sea-god Nereus.

**nymph-haunted** (67. 4), frequented by nymphs or maidens.

**oasis** (32. 20), a fertile spot in the desert.

**obelisks** (32. 30), lofty pillars.

**oozes** (71. 12), marshes, bogs.

**pearl-strung** (65. 8), with pearls in a row, with a row of white teeth.

**piecemeal** (38. 13, 69. 9), piece by piece, cf. mincemeal. Shakespeare uses 'inchmeal,' *Tempest*, ii. 2, 3, and 'limb-meal,' *Cymbeline*, ii. 4. 147.

**pinions** (58. 12, 64. 8), wings.

**plummet** (75. 1), a weight of lead fastened to a string for sounding depths.

**portal** (65. 8), a gateway.

**prowess** (77. 14), bravery in war, heroism.

**quarried** (71. 2), hewn to provide stone, 'by tombs' here = 'in order to make tombs.'

**quarry** (74. 15), the object of the chase, prey.

**rapture** (76. 1), a seizing and carrying off—extreme joy.  
**requiring** (65. 11), asking for.  
**requite** (41. 5), pay back.  
**ruthless** (54. 11), without pity ; ruth = pity.  
**scimitar** (14. 28), a curved short sword.  
**seagirt** (53. 7), surrounded by the sea.  
**self-sufficing** (59. 12), having enough power in oneself.  
**siren** (79. 5), a fabulous woman who enticed sailors to destruction by sweet singing ; a sea-nymph.  
**skirting** (50. 4), forming an edge or border to.  
**sting-ray** (54. 13), the ray is a class of fishes including the skate, thornback, and torpedo.  
**stooping** (75. 3), *transitive*, bending down.  
**storm-stunned** (56. 6), stunned or made stupid by the storm.  
**stripling** (76. 7), a youth.  
**tapestry** (63. 3), hung with tapestry, a fabric of wool and silk.  
**teem** (79. 4), abound, be numerous.  
**tempered** (68. 11), brought to a proper degree of hardness.  
**tern** (22. 21, 58. 12), a long-winged water-fowl allied to the gull.  
**thrall** (63. 12), slave.  
**timbrel** (33. 27), a musical instrument resembling a tambourine.

**trident** (4. 25), a spear with three prongs, the sceptre of Neptune. (May be seen on the reverse of a penny in the hand of Britannia.)  
**triton** (79. 5), a demigod of the sea, a trumpeter of Neptune.  
**twy-formed** (53. 2, 72. 12), two-formed.  
**unsullied** (82. 2), without stain.  
**unwitting** (52. 9), not knowing, thoughtless.  
**vengeful** (71. 9), anxious to take vengeance.  
**vermilion** (43. 4), a scarlet colouring substance obtained from a little worm (Latin, *vermis*) or insect (the cochineal) : so any beautiful red colour.  
**wane** (53. 14), *noun*, = decreasing, fading.  
**wantoning** (58. 13), sporting with joy.  
**warden** (81. 12), a keeper, guardian.  
**wedlock** (76. 10), marriage.  
**welkin** (51. 8), clouds, the sky.  
**whelming** (50. 2), overwhelming, destroying.  
**white-linked** (81. 8), joined together with white hands.  
**worship** (60. 7, 68. 2, 70. 10), to honour, adore. In 60. 7 and 70. 10, *noun*, = adoration.  
**wrench** (63. 1), to wring or pull with a twist.  
**yearn after** (47. 5), long for.

## INDEX OF PROPER NAMES.

The first number gives the page, the second the line of the page, on which the word occurs.

### A

**Acrisius** (1. 2), King of Argos, father of Danae.  
**Adonis** (76. 8), a beautiful youth beloved by Aphrodité, killed by a wild boar.  
**Ægean** (43. 14), the sea between Greece and Asia Minor, named after Ægeus, King of Athens.  
**Ægis-holder** (17. 10), Ægis, the shield of Zeus, *see* Zeus.  
**Ægis-wielder** (72. 7, 73. 10, 76. 4), Ægis, the shield of Zeus, *see* Zeus.  
**Æthiop** (34. 16, 49. 2, 51. 8, 54. 12), dwellers in Palestine.  
**Etna** (78. 13), a volcano in the E. of Sicily.  
**Amaltheia** (17. 9, 73. 10), the nurse of Zeus.  
**Amphitrité** (66. 3), daughter of Nereus, wife of Poseidon, queen of the sea.  
**Andromeda** (36. 29), daughter of Cepheus. *Andromeden* (54. 9, 77. 10) is a Greek accusative case.  
**Aphrodité** (74. 1, 75. 14, 76. 2, 81. 7), the goddess of love.  
**Apollo** (49. 7, 51. 7, 79. 9), the sun-god.  
**Argos** (1. 4, 68. 1), a famous city in Argolis, in the E. of Peloponnesus.

**Argus-slayer** (17. 22), a name of Hermes. Argus was an earth-born giant who had eyes all over his body.

**Até** (78. 3), the goddess of mischief.

**Atergatis** (37. 2, in 52. 5 Atergati), or Atargatis, a Syrian goddess, sometimes said to be the wife of Dagon, the god of the Philistines.

**Athené** (8. 25, 64. 6, 72. 8, 72. 15, 72. 16), also called Pallas Athéné and Pallas, daughter of Zeus, a war goddess. "Speaking broadly, Athéné represents human wit and cleverness, and presides over the whole moral and intellectual side of human life."— Seyffert.

**Atlas** (22. 3), "the bearer," a giant who supported the heavens on his shoulders.

**Attica** (19. 6), the peninsula in Greece in which Athens is situated.

### B

**Bosporus** (29. 4), now the Straits of Constantinople between the Sea of Marmora and the Black Sea.

## C

**Casius** (34. 14) Mount, in the N.E. of Egypt.

**Cassiopeia** (36. 28, 51. 6, 53. 4), wife of Cepheus, mother of Andromeda.

**Ceos** (19. 5), Ceos, Cythnus and Seriphos are islands in the  $\mathbb{A}$ gean sea, lying to the S.E. of Attica in the order named.

**Cepheus** (36. 27, 51. 5, 53. 10), husband of Cassiopeia, father of Andromeda.

**Cephissus** (19. 8), a river in Boeotia.

**Ceyx** (3. 19), married to Halcyone.

**Charis** (78. 13), the wife of Hephaestus.

**Chemnis** (34. 3), or Chemmis, a town in the Thebais in Egypt.

**Copaic Lake** (19. 7), a large lake in Boeotia.

**Crete** (43. 13, 49. 1) (modern Candia), a large island in the Mediterranean S.E. of the Peloponnesus.

**Cyclades** (19. 6), a group of Islands in the  $\mathbb{A}$ gean Sea lying in a circle round Delos.

**Cyclopes** (1. 16), the "round-eyed," giants with a single eye in their forehead.

**Cythereia** (66. 3), a name of Aphrodité, the goddess of love.

**Cythnus** (19. 5), *see* under Ceos.

## D

**Danae** (2. 12), the daughter of Acrisius and mother of Perseus. The song (3. 12) which Danae sang to her baby, written by Simonides of Ceos, will be found in *Anthologia Graeca*, by F. St.

J. Thackeray, edition of 1896, pp. 138, 9.  
**Dardans** (19. 13), *see* under Paeons.

**Deucalion** (42. 26), the son of Prometheus and husband of Pyrrha, saved in an ark in the great flood.

**Dictys** (5. 22), brother of Polydectes, King of Seriphos.

## E

**Echidna** (16. 23), a monster, half-maiden, half-snake.

**Eos** (32. 26), the goddess of the dawn.

**Eubœan** (46. 6). Eubœa is the large island lying off the E. coast of continental Greece.

**Euripus** (46. 5), the narrow channel between Eubœa and mainland of Greece, W. of Chalcis in Eubœa.

**Euryale** (16. 27), a daughter of the queen of the sea, a Gorgon.

## G

**Galatea** (22. 26), "the milk-white," the queen of the Tritons.

**Geryon** (16. 24), a three-headed tyrant, who feeds his herds beside the herds of hell.

**Gorgons** (10. 15, 73. 4, 75. 7), three in number, Stheno, or Sthénō (the mighty); Eúryále (the wide-wandering), and Medusa (the queen): terrible monsters.

**Graces** (81. 8), goddesses of grace, and of everything which lends charm and beauty to human life. Their names are Euphrosyné (joy), Thalia (bloom), and Aglaia (brilliance).

## H

**Halcyone** (3. 19), a fairy maiden wedded to Ceyx.

**Harmonié** (81. 7), daughter of Ares and Aphrodité.

**Harpé** (27. 13, 41. 29), the divine sword of Hermes.

**Hebé** (81. 7), the goddess of eternal youth.

**Hellas** (1. 4, 68. 1), the name by which the Greeks called their country (Greece).

**Hellen** (5. 20, 33. 19, 35. 29), a Greek.

**Hellespont** (29. 4), now the Dardanelles, the narrow strait between the Mediterranean and the Sea of Marmora.

**Hephæstos** (51. 13, 78. 12), the god of fire.

**Heracles** (23. 31), Hercules in Latin, the most famous of the Greek heroes.

**Heré** (51. 11), wife of Zeus, queen of the gods.

**Hermes** (17. 22, 40. 12, 49. 7), son of Zeus and Maia, the messenger of the gods.

**Hesperides** (22. 5), nymphs, the daughters of Atlas.

**Hours** (81. 8), the goddesses of order in nature.

**Hydrea** (46. 4), an island in the Ægean off the E. end of Argolis.

**Hyperboreans** (16. 4), people who lived in the extreme north—(beyond the north wind).

## I

**Iberian** (22. 19), the Iberian shore is the shore of Spain (Iberia).

**Ida** (80. 1), a mountain near Troy. There was another mountain of the same name in Crete.

**Idalian** (73. 15). Idalium was a town in Cyprus sacred to Aphrodité; hence the adjective Idalian.

**Iopa** (36. 27, 43. 10), the modern Jaffa. The Joppa of the Bible.

**Ister** (18. 25), the Danube.

**Isthmus** (34. 14), of Suez apparently.

## J

**Jove** (81. 7), the Latin name for Zeus.

**Justice** (72. 8, 79. 9), the goddess of justice.

## L

**Lacedaemon** (34. 18), or Sparta, on the Eurotas, the capital of Laconia in the Peloponnesus, the southern part of Greece.

**Ladon** (23. 22), the dragon who watched the golden fruit in the garden of the Hesperides.

**Larissa** (45. 15), *see* Pelasgi.

**Lectionian** (29. 5), the position of this land can only be guessed at; south of the Bosphorus apparently.

**Lerna** (1. 6), a fen or marsh in Argolis, in the Peloponnesus.

**Libyan** (29. 2), African.

## M

**Marathon** (46. 4), a plain in the E. of Attica, where the Athenians and the Platæans defeated the Persians in 490 B.C.

**Medusa** (10. 15, 73. 5), one of the Gorgons.

## N

**Nereus** (58. 7), a sea-god, the father of the sea-nymphs.

**Nile** (32. 28, 50. 6), the great river of Egypt.

**Nymphs** (16. 9), properly “the young maidens,” inferior divinities of nature.—Seyffert.

## O

**Œta** (19. 8), a mountain lying W. of the Maliac Gulf.

**Olympians** (18. 13), the dwellers on Olympus—the gods.

**Olympus** (48. 22, 49. 4, 51. 11), the loftiest mountain in Greece, nearly 10,000 feet high, in the N.E. corner of Thessaly—the abode of the gods.

## P

**Pæons** (19. 13), people who dwelt in the north of Macedonia. North of them were the Dardani, and N.E. of them (just south of the Danube) were the Triballi.

**Palestine** (43. 10), the country between Syria and Egypt.

**Pallas Athéné** (8. 25, 49. 5, 65. 9, etc.), *see* Athéné.

**Pelasgi** (45. 16), the Pelasgi dwelt in the centre of Thessaly, their capital was Larissa on the river Peneus.

**Perseus** (6. 18), the son of Danae. **Persea** (77. 10), is the Greek accusative case of Perseus.

**Phineus** (40. 20), the brother of Cepheus.

**Phœbe** (81. 9), a name of Artemis (sister of Apollo).

**Phœnicians** (43. 2) or **Phœnics** (49. 10, 77. 7), the people of Phœnicia, the two great cities of which were Tyre and Sidon.

**Pindus** (19. 8), a great mountain between Thessaly and Epirus in northern (continental) Greece.

**Polydectes** (5. 21), King of Seriphos.

**Poseidon** (34. 22, 50. 1, 69. 14), the god of the sea.

**Proetus** (1. 3), brother of Acrisius, King of Argos.

**Proteus** (69. 13), a god of the sea—able to change himself into all sorts of wondrous shapes.

**Psylli** (30. 4), on the N. coast of Africa, S. of the Syrtis Major, and W. of Cyrene.

## S

**Samos** (7. 28), a large island in the Ægean Sea, off the W. coast of Asia Minor.

**Seythian Plain** (19. 14), the country N.E. of the Danube.

**Seriphos** (5. 19), *see under* Ceos.

**Sirbonian** (34. 15), Bog : in the N.E. of Egypt close to Mount Casius.

**Stheino** (16. 26), a daughter of the queen of the sea, a gorgon.

**Sunium** (46. 4), a cape at the end (S.E.) of Attica.

**Syrian** (49. 1), belonging to Syria, the country between Egypt and Asia Minor, on the E. shore of the Mediterranean Sea.

## T

**Tempe** (34. 19), the vale through which the Peneus flows in Thessaly, famous for its beauty.

**Teutamenes** (46. 10), King of Larissa.

**Thebes** (19. 7), the capital of Boeotia.

**Thessalian** (19. 9), belonging to Thessaly, the great plain of northern Greece, watered by the Peneus and its tributaries.

**Thracian Mountains** (19. 12), Thrace is the country between Macedonia and the Black Sea. The chief mountain is the Hæmus or Balkan with its outlier Rhodope, now Despoto Dagh.

**Tin Isles** (22. 18) (Cassiterides), the Scilly Islands, off Cornwall.

**Tiryns** (2. 2, 45. 14), a town in Argolis. The river referred to in 45. 14 is the Inachus.

**Titans** (9. 12, 21. 4), the children of Urānus and Gæa, of gigantic stature and strength. In 69.

13 the word is used in the singular.

**Triballi** (19. 13), *see under* Pæons.

**Tritonid** (76. 3, 76. 9), this and Tritogeneia are ancient epithets of Athené.

**Triton(s)** (22. 25, 58. 10), beings of double form (man and fish) regarded as attendants on the other sea-gods while riding or driving over the waves.

**Tyre** (43. 2), the great city of Phœnicia.

## Z

**Zeus** (49. 5, 67. 10), the chief of the gods. His shield is called Aëgis, hence Zeus is sometimes styled the Aëgis-holder or Aëgis-wielder.

## QUESTIONS AND SUBJECTS FOR ESSAYS

1. Tell the story of Acrisius.
2. What was the history of Halcyone and Ceyx?
3. Give an account of Polydectes and Dictys.
4. Describe the first meeting of Perseus and Athené.
5. The danger of rash words.
6. How did Perseus obtain the cap of darkness?
7. Explain how Athené, Apollo, and Aphrodite come into the story.
8. What was the fault of Cassiopeia? Describe her parting from Andromeda.
9. What were the sights which Andromeda saw while awaiting the approach of the monster?
10. Give the first speech of Perseus to Andromeda.
11. To what is Perseus compared as he falls upon the monster? What did the monster become?
12. What did Athené say to Perseus and Andromeda after the monster had been slain, and what was her present to Andromeda?
13. Of what did Athené sing as she bent over her loom?
14. Give the story of Atlas.
15. Show how tyrants overreach themselves. Why is there little happiness in the life of a tyrant?
16. Describe the life of an Argive King.
17. "Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,  
These three alone lead life to sovereign power."

TENNYSON, *Enone*.

To which of the goddesses would you assign these words? Explain their meaning as clearly as you can.

## HINTS FOR FURTHER READING

Greek stories in English poetry will be found in

1. *The Doom of King Acrisius, Atalanta's Race, Cupid and Psyche, The Love of Alcestis*, by William Morris.
2. *Balaustion's Adventure*, by Robert Browning. (This contains a translation of the *Alcestis* of Euripides.)
3. *Œnone, Ulysses, Tithonus, and Demeter and Persephone*, by Tennyson.
4. To these may be added the *translation of the Homeric Hymn to Mercury* by Shelley.

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